NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1877.

VOLUME XXIV.—No. 50. Price Ten Cents.

YE FISHERMAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY BARRY ALDEN.

A sell-fish man is Ye Fisherman,
He'd sell you his own *sole*;
He weighs on *scales* his *net* profits,
As he goeth from *pole* to *pole*.

He cometh of *ye fin*-ish tribe.
If you could hear his *tail*,
Or hear his son's, that flappeth well
When ye father him doth *whale*.

Who rubbeth o'er ye skinned *plaice*,
And *founders* as he *squalls*;
Yet oftener ye cry of *fish*
Re-echoeth through ye *hauls*.

He lives by *hook*, but not by crook—
That is not in his *line*;
Some strength within his *mussels* lies,
A *pull* he don't decline.

His wants are few, yet will he oft
A good *eel* try to hold;
His gold he turns not in ye smelt,
But turns ye *smelt* to gold.

No *crab*-bed disposition his,
His pleasaure ne'er abates;
And e'en in Summer, it is said,
Is sometimes seen with *skates*.

Ye bird he catches on ye *perch*,
Ye *perch* upon ye *fly*;
To spare ye *rod* is not his rule
That wanteth fish to fry.

He hath an eye for lovely scenes,
He loveth ye early *roes*,
And watcheth by ye *scollop'd* bank
Ye *shad*-ow how it goes.

Montclair, N. J.

LILY MELVILLE,
OR THE HAND OF FATE.

A Thrilling Story of Intrigue, Deceit, and Love.

CHAPTER XXV.

A pretty woman's wit
Is better than an old man's wisdom.

Sir Ralph was beginning to relent. Lady Melville was a much less terrible person than he had imagined her to be. He was accustomed to be respected by all, but he had not expected such conduct from his brother's widow; she, however, threw his expectations of sarcastic and contemptuous treatment overboard, and gave him more than respect, almost veneration. He took her into dinner, drank his soup in stern, frigid silence, and got half through his fish with equal solemnity, but before the substantial fare came her ladyship had conquered him. She had found his weak point, and assailed it, not with clumsy and too palpable a battery, but with a skillful skirmishing that lulled his stern opposition at once. Looking over at Lilian with an affectionate smile, she said, in a low, deeply respectful voice:

"How beautiful your daughter—I dare not say my niece—is looking to-night, Sir Ralph."

He inclined his head, but could not resist stealing a glance at his beloved.

"I did not know she was so lovely. I have not seen her for some time now."

Sir Ralph bowed again.

"Indeed," he said coldly.

"No; it was at the opera I saw her last. I remember the night well. I am not very strong, not so strong as I look, but the sight of her sweet, lovable face overcame me. It was hard to know that one so near me in blood should regard me with dislike and contempt."

The words were spoken with such simple and plaintive earnestness that the old man flushed uneasily.

"I cannot admit all your words imply, my lady," he said, trying to speak coldly.

Lady Melville shook her head and sighed.

"Alas!" she said, "it is well known that Sir Ralph Melville has for his brother's wife no well-wishes."

Sir Ralph, thoroughly nonplussed by this outspokenness, turned to her, and was still further confused by the deep dejection of her smile.

"I—I——. This is a painful subject, madam, that I think it would be well not to pursue."

She shook her head.

"No," she said; "forgive me for saying so much. I do not know how I could have the courage to have said so much; but I wished you to know that I intended to leave the Towers to-morrow, and so riding you of my presence."

Sir Ralph spoke harshly.

"That must not be," he said. "I could not allow you to terminate your visit for such a reason. I and my daughter will take our departure to-morrow."

Lady Melville looked alarmed.

"Not for the world," she said in a low voice. "I should never forgive myself for coming, though it is true I had no idea you would be here. Lady Besant would be intensely mortified at your leaving, and—and there are other reasons. No, no; you must let me go—quietly. I will make a good excuse, and Lady Besant will never suspect the real cause. You see: I can be humble to you, Sir Ralph, whatever I may be to others."

The old-fashioned gentleman was terribly embarrassed. Not for one moment did he suspect that Lady Melville was only acting, and had as little intention of leaving the Towers as the man in the moon had of quitting his celestial residence.

"I cannot think of it," he said in the same low voice. "Believe me, if your ladyship departs I will go likewise."

She shook her head sadly.

"Better let me go," she said. "Indeed, I have another reason."

He looked up inquiringly and, with downcast eyes she said hesitatingly:

"I have seen a deal of Lilian during these few days, and I cannot stifle the tender feeling she inspires me with. Do you not think—do you not dread, rather—that my affection may be returned, that she may learn to like the woman whom your house has always taught her to distrust."

The Baronet was much agitated.

"The question is a painful and unanswerable one. Your ladyship must not think of going. I—I shall remain firm in my determination to withdraw also."

Lady Melville said no more. She had gained her point, and raised her eyes to look over at the innocent girl through whom she had made it, when her gaze rested upon Miss Lucas, who was sitting opposite and observing her with the same expressionless yet watchful eyes with which she had regarded her when handing up the pocket-handkerchief in the morning.

"Could it be possible for that lifeless-looking creature to have heard the conversation? No; and yet——"

Lady Melville shook the suspicion off, and dismissed Miss Lucas from her mind. But not for long. Did ever a woman forget a snake in the grass? Miss Lucas was sitting behind Lady Melville's chair, embroidering, as usual, but listening—this time there could be no doubt about it—to her conversation with Miss Dalton. Lady Melville found herself wishing that the still, quiet figure, were in front instead of behind her; but no one would have guessed that Miss Lucas was in her thoughts; for, some minutes afterwards, when her ladyship wanted a little more sugar in her coffee, and the governess rose with noiseless assiduity to get it for her, her ladyship was quite surprised, and, elevating her eyebrows with a smile, said:

"That's thank you; how very kind! I did not know you were here, Miss Lucas."

On her way back with the cup of sweetened coffee Miss Lucas encountered Lord Harcourt, who, with the rest of the gentlemen, was entering the room. The cup was overturned, and its contents distributed over Miss Lucas' black-silk dress and his lordship's regulation swallow-tail.

"A thousand pardons!" murmured his lordship, stooping to pick up the shattered cup. "You were behind the door, and I did not see you. Claude, it was your fault. Pray let me get you another cup, Miss Lucas."

The governess, who had been wiping her dress with quiet composure, thanked his lordship.

"It was not mine," she said, "but Lady Melville's. Do not trouble, my lord; I can get another from Lady Besant," and she glided to the tea-table.

Lord Harcourt looked fresh cup from her hand and bore it to her ladyship.

"There," said he in his usual languid tone, "I dashed one cup from your ladyship's lips; 'there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,' you know—but, see, I replace it with a sweeter one."

There was a certain significance in the words that made the beautiful woman wince and dart a dark, evil glance upon his handsome, sarcastic eyes; but it went past him, and fell, as usual, upon Miss Lucas, who had returned in time to catch the words and the glance too.

Once again that night the quiet, lynx-eyed, catlike watcher was rewarded by witnessing some emotion on her ladyship's part. Claude Ainsley had avoided, not rudely, but with a studied persistence, the beautiful and heart-taking Lady Melville, and seemed to have been smitten with the irresistible charms of Lilian's unsophisticated and natural manner. That morning he had ridden his horse close to the side of the carriage in which Lilian was sitting, had talked in an undertone, and had actually smiled. At dinner he had been placed on the side of Lilian, and entirely cut out Mr. Besant, who occupied the chair on the other. Now he was leaning against the exquisitely-carved mantelpiece, listening, or rather pretending to listen, to Lady Besant's recital of the poor, dear, departed Alderman's talents and peculiarities, but with his thoughtful eyes fixed upon the fair face of Lilian as it bent over the chess-board opposite Mr. Fred Dalton. Suddenly, in the midst of one of her long-winded sentences, he set down the cup and stalked across the room to Lilian's side, and said, so suddenly that Lilian started:

"That's a long game, Miss Melville; I hope you are winning?"

"No, losing," she said, smiling: "I am afraid Mr. Dalton is very merciful, and is giving me innumerable chances. I shall lose it at last, I am afraid."

"Hem," said Claude Ainsley, leaning over her and studying the board. "Perhaps Mr. Dalton would let me prompt one move?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," said Mr. Dalton, who was too delighted to get Miss Melville for a game of chess to care which of them won. "Yes; prompt away, old fellow."

"Well, then, now for the bishop," said Claude, and with ten moves the game was won.

"By Jove!" said Mr. Dalton. "Those were the moves. You have won, Miss Melville."

"Yes, thanks to you," said Lilian. "It was not fair, Mr. Ainsley."

"What is, in this world?" he retorted, dropping into the chair from which Mr. Dalton had been summoned by his sister, to whom he was always a devoted slave.

"Well, I won't argue that," said Lilian, laughing her sweet, clear laugh. "But it was very kind of you to come to my relief. I should have lost if you had not assisted me."

"Not so kind as you may think," he said. "I am never disinterested. Last night you promised to sing me that song I heard you singing in the rosary. I intended claiming that promise this evening, and was waiting until that game of chess was over. It was endless, so I——"

"Robbed Mr. Dalton of his triumph to pay me a compliment," said Lilian archly.

"No compliment," he said. "I have not paid one for three years," and he glanced, perhaps unintentionally, in the direction of the handsome Lady Melville. "But come, let us have the song."

Lilian hesitated, almost blushed. The song was the one she had learnt from Mr. Clifford; she could find no reason, even to herself, why she should dislike to sing it; but she did dislike to, and shook her head.

"No, I won't sing that," she said. "Another one."

"No," said Claude Ainsley smiling. "Your promise; that very one, please."

She rose quickly.

"You must forgive me a promise extorted unfairly," she said smiling. "I will go and ask Lady Melville to sing for you," and before he could answer she had left him and crossed over to her ladyship. "Mr. Ainsley wants some music," she said. "I have promised to ask you to sing for us. Will you, Lady Melville?"

"If it will please you, my dear," said her ladyship with a smile.

And the two together moved towards the piano.

Two or three gentlemen immediately opened the instrument and arranged the stool, and her ladyship commenced. She had a fine voice, and had cultivated it as she had all her other talents; but before half a dozen words were sung Claude Ainsley had left the room, arm in arm with Mr. Dalton, whom he had asked, loudly enough to reach the songstress, to play a game of billiards. Her ladyship looked up as he passed out, and her voice ceased suddenly.

"I have forgotten it," she said apologetically; but the next instant, as if with an effort, she continued and finished it with splendid effect.

They could not get her to sing again.

"No, it is really too hot," she said, smiling.

And while Miss Dalton filled her place she glided into the conservatory. There, amidst the flowers, and away from all eyes, her face changed, and, with a sharp, smothered cry, she pressed her hand to her bosom.

"Shallow-hearted flirt!" she breathed. "Do I owe this insult to that base villain Harcourt, or has that puny-faced schoolgirl caught him already to forget his love-vows? Oh, how I hate her! I hate her!"

And she clenched her white hands over her heaving bosom.

"Had you not better throw this shawl over your shoulders?" said a quiet, monotonous voice behind her. "The conservatory is very draughty, and your ladyship may catch cold."

Lady Melville knew the voice, and detested it already. Smoothing her face into its usual placid smile, she turned and held out her hand for the wrap, but avoided the lack-lustre eyes which she knew were fixed upon her.

"Really, you are too thoughtful, Miss Lucas, too kind."

And, flinging the dainty shawl over her white shoulders, she glided into the drawing-room again, leaving the attentive Miss Lucas looking after her with a quiet smile of satisfaction and power.

So the days fled by. Riding, driving, croquet-playing in the morning, music, chess, and billiards in the evening; flirting at both times, of course. All this was very satisfactory outwardly, but to those for whom these gay and pleasant days were to effect a purpose not quite so satisfactory. Mr. Besant, for one, was anything but easy. In his fox-hunting fashion he was growing more in love with beautiful Lady Melville every day, and, as far as he could see, still no nearer to the attainment of his hopes. He rode with Lilian, played croquet with her, and seized every opportunity that presented itself of being in her presence; but he dared not breathe a word of love. He was not a coward, but his courage failed before them. There was something about Lilian—her extreme beauty, perhaps; more probably her extreme innocence and purity—that kept him silent, drove the words "I love you, Miss Melville, be mistress of the Towers," into his throat again. And yet he did not despair of success. He knew that only the ring-fence of the Towers separated that estate from Rivershall, and it was Sir Ralph's dearest wish that that ring-fence should be a division only in name, and that the two enormous estates should be one. He guessed, also, that Sir Ralph might have spoken a word in his favor beforehand, and let Lilian understand that a "Yes" to Mr. Besant's offer of his heart, hand (and the Towers) would please the old baronet. But he guessed wrongly there. Though Sir Ralph was never better pleased than when musing over the likelihood of such a match, he had never yet spoken to Lilian in plain terms.

"No," he said to himself; "she shall have her choice; but it would be a fine thing, a wise thing, and a good thing;" and, less punctilious in another respect, he had confined himself to pointing out the antiquity of the Besant name, the pleasant abode the Towers made, and the open-hearted nature of Harry, as he called Mr. Besant.

He would have said no more if Lilian had come to him with the straightforward question "Shall I say yes or no?" but he would have thought it enough. Lilian could not disobey him.

Mr. Besant had always met with kind words and gentle looks from Lilian, simply because she never spoke or looked otherwise; but lately, during these last few days, he fancied that she seemed rather changed. He could not tell in what way or to what extent. She was as kind as usual, as ready to agree to any proposal he made for her pleasure or amusement, but he found no answer to some questions, or learnt by a look that she had been gazing miles ahead, and had been listening to anything rather than his voice, while he rode by her side, and he grew uneasy and puzzled. Had he been a shrewd man of the world, he would have been alarmed too; but he was not: it requires a poetical sensibility and a strong intellect to love well and to read hearts and minds deeply. Mr. Besant had anything but a strong intellect and a poetical sensibility, so he neither loved intensely, nor could read a word of the mystic writing which Lilian was as yet unaware was written on her heart.

The days drew on, and the beautiful heiress of Rivershall began to feel glad that the time set for the expiration of their visit was drawing to a close. Somehow all the gayety had jarred upon her. In the midst of it, and in the most incomprehensible way, a sudden thought of her grave, mysterious tutor trudging along, sad and solitary, friendless and alone, would rise before her mind and render her absent and thoughtful. It was in vain to be angry with herself and say:

"What have I to do with such thoughts? What is Mr. Clifford, his sadness, his solitariness, his friendlessness to me, Lilian Melville?"

The thought would spring up in the midst of some laugh-creating speech of Mr. Besant; the mental picture of the grave, strangely mournful and still more strangely handsome face, bent down at its owner tramped along a dusty lane or lay full-length beside the river, would rise and float before her while some voice at the piano was singing cheerfully, or Lord Harcourt was making her smile with some anecdote invented on the spur of the moment for their amusement.

"No time like the present," thought Mr. Besant, as he stood by the breakfast-room window, looking out onto the lawn, where Lilian and Miss Dalton were inspecting the rose-trees. "Sir Ralph has always been friendly. Lilian's young, and had no opportunity of getting her head turned—though she precious soon may, if Claude Ainsley dangles about her much longer. By jingo! I'll chance it!"

With this resolve firmly fixed in his mind, no wonder that his greeting of Sir Ralph should be warm and affectionate.

"Good-morning, good-morning. Beautiful hunting day this is. Slept well?"

"Yes; a splendid morning, Harry," said Sir Ralph. "Have the ladies finished their breakfasts?"

"Yes. You and I are the last, sir. I'm late this morning. Sat up listening to one of Claude Ainsley's African stories till the moon went down. He was up early, as usual, and so were the rest of them. The bed held me. James, some more kidneys and truffles, and tell the butler Sir Ralph is down."

James hurried away, and Lilian came in at the open window, as fresh and as beautiful as the roses in her hand. She bent over her father, and gave him her morning kiss.

"How late you are, dear," she murmured, pouring out his coffee and helping him to some truffles.

"Yes, Sir Ralph and I are the black sheep this morning," said Mr. Besant cheerily. "Fine roses! but you beat them, Miss Melville!"

Lilian smiled. She was used to Mr. Besent's plain, knock-down compliments, and never flinched.

"Thank you," she said. "Will you have one?"

He flushed with pleasure and held out his hand.

"There, you shall have the best. Papa, rap at the window when you want some more coffee. I am making up a bouquet for Lady Besant," and with a word of adieu she flitted through the window again.

Sir Ralph looked after her lovingly, and Mr. Besant's eyes followed too.

"Lilian is looking well," said Sir Ralph, "better than she has for the last day or two."

"LILY MELVILLE."—Lady Melville glided into the conservatory. There, amidst the flowers, her face changed, and, with a sharp, smothered cry, she pressed her hand to her bosom. "Shallow-hearted flirt," she breathed. "O! how I hate her!"

"Yes," said Mr. Besant. "Ye—s. By the way, Sir Ralph," he continued, plucking up courage and clearing his throat, "we have talked of a trot together for some days. What do you say to a gallop over the common this morning? I—I—have something to say to you—that is, to—ahem—ask you——"

Sir Ralph looked up from his newspaper.

"Certainly, my dear Harry; we will start after breakfast."

"All right, thank you," said Mr. Besant. "I think I'll go and see the cattle. You will ride the cob, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Sir Ralph. "I will come down to the stables after you."

And Mr. Besant thundered through the window, snatching up his cap and whip as he walked.

Sir Ralph looked after him uneasily, and then his eyes strayed to Lilian with a painful anxiety in them. Could it be that the blow he had dreaded for months was now going to fall? Was this young man going to ask for what he valued more than life itself—his daughter, his pearl, Lilian? Smothering the pain at his heart, the old man sacrificed his second cup of coffee rather than meet his daughter's eye, which he knew would pierce and detect his sadness at a glance; and, taking his hat and whip, walked round to the stables.

The horses were ready, and the two gentlemen were mounting, when a groom hurried in and ordered Miss Dalton's, Miss Melville's, Lord Harcourt's, and Claude Ainsley's horses.

Sir Ralph caught at this loophole of escape.

"They are all going for a ride, it seems, Harry; shall we wait and accompany them?"

"No, no," said Mr. Besant. "I—you will remember?"

"Oh, yes, oh, yes: I remember," said Sir Ralph. "You wanted to ask me something. Saunders, tell the ladies, if they ask, that we have gone across the common."

So the two started, both uneasy, but from very different causes. Mr. Besant found it difficult to commence, and, as a prelude, thought it wise to indulge in a trot-trab. He pointed out—and for the first time—the various improvements he had made and intended to make on the estate—improvements which Sir Ralph applauded.

"Yes;" he said, "the Towers has very much improved. Harry, you have done your duty to the estate."

"And will do it, sir, still," said Mr. Besant, plunging into his subject. "I don't intend to stop, Sir Ralph, if all goes right."

"Yes," said Sir Ralph uneasily.

"Yes," repeated Mr. Besant; "there is plenty of room for further improvement, enlargement, and all the rest of it, and I am eager and anxious to get it done. When a man has something to look forward to—that is, to hope for——"

Here he broke down and tried again, thinking that it was rather clever to say that, to remain so silent, and obstinately determined not to help him—for he wants the fence down as much as I do," he muttered.

"Yes, sir; I have dared to cherish a hope for some years now—you can guess what it is?"

"I—I would rather not, Harry," said Sir Ralph gravely.

"Rivershall and the Towers have been fast friends for a great many years," continued Mr. Besant, cunningly touching upon Sir Ralph's weak point. "I would ask you, Sir Ralph, to consent to my binding them still closer. You must be aware of my feelings for Miss Melville. I have been devoted to Lil—I mean Miss Melville, ever since I can remember anything at all, and you must know that the dearest wish I have is that she may become my wife."

Sir Ralph trembled and turned pale; he almost groaned, into the bargain.

"Harry, forgive me if I say I feared what was coming. No, do not look so distressed; I have no objection to urge against your suit, but if an angel from heaven came to ask me for my darling I should feel grieved. She is all the world to me, Harry."

It was piteous to hear the broken tone of the voice usually so stern and unyielding.

Mr. Besant's courage rose.

"Don't take it to heart so, sir," he said. "I shan't take her far—only this fence divides Rivershall and the Towers."

Sir Ralph started. There was something too much of assurance in the words and manner.

"You do not understand; I cannot expect you should," he said in a low voice. "It is not the distance, Harry, but—well, well, let me say no more of myself. But you have not spoken to Lilian?"

"Not a word. Oh, no, not until I had gained your permission to do so," said Mr. Besant with the air of one who had nothing to fear from that quarter. "No, Sir Ralph, I told my mother—she is very fond of Lilian, and will be a second mother to her—that I would speak to you first."

Sir Ralph sighed.

"I have no grounds for withholding my consent, Harry," he said, trying to speak cheerfully. "If you can win her, take her. She has been all that a daughter can be. She will be—I say it, Harry, with perfect assurance—a true and devoted wife!"

Mr. Besant, as much as his rough nature would let him be, was touched.

"I am very grateful, sir," he said, "and I know how great a treasure you are confiding to my care. I will prove worthy——"

Sir Ralph inclined his head.

"You will speak to Lilian," he said; "but remember I do not bias her. She is free to choose or decline. I love her too well to influence her by a single word or look."

"I'll win her, sir," said Mr. Besant cheerfully. "I am no coxcomb, but I am not afraid. We have known each other a long while, and I do not think Lilian has lost her heart to another."

"No," said Sir Ralph with quiet dignity, "or I should know it."

"Just so," said Mr. Besant, "just so. Lilian would not keep anything from you. Well, sir, having your permission, I shall ride over to the hall and speak to Lilian herself. Dear Lilian, she is too good for me, Sir Ralph."

Sir Ralph did not reply, but he inwardly assented most proudly, and added:

"And all the world besides."

The lover, having got over his uneasiness now that he had gained the father's good word, grew cheerful, not to say hilarious, and Sir Ralph, finding his companion's spirits rather in discord with his own heavy heart, proposed that they should turn homewards, saying as an excuse that he had some letters to write. Mr. Besant consented with prompt eagerness, and the two galloped back across the common to meet the cavalcade in pursuit of them.

"Coming back already, papa?" said Lilian.

But she stopped suddenly as she caught the sad look on his face.

Lord Harcourt saw it too, and knew at once that the master of the Towers had been sueing for the heiress of Rivershall's hand. Cutting in hastily with his usual presence of mind, he said:

"You are just in time to decide upon an argument, Sir Ralph. Miss Dalton has pitted her pretty little roan against my good old hunter. You shall decide which is the better of the two."

"No, a race!" said Claude Ainsley. "Sir Ralph is not an impartial judge. His gallantry would compel him to give the palm to the lady's."

"Well, so be it. What do you say, Miss Dalton?" said Lord Harcourt with a smile.

"That I am quite ready."

"And shall we join in, Miss Melville?" said Claude Ainsley. "Between ourselves, I think we are quite as well mounted."

"Oh, I am quite willing," said Lilian, with her sweet laugh.

"Eh, what's that?" said Mr. Besant, pushing forward. "A race! You are not going to ride, are you, Miss Melville?"

There was a ring in his voice that she had never heard before, and her gentle eyes sought his face in surprise.

"Yes," she said, quietly, "I am."

"I would not do it if I were you," he said. "You will get thrown."

There was so well-defined a tone of possession in the reply that all detected it and understood it save Lilian herself.

The look of surprise deepened, but she made no reply, and steered her horse into the line which the others were already forming.

Mr. Besant, perhaps, saw that he had made a mistake, and took encouraged by the decided frown on Sir Ralph's face. Hoping to mollify the effect his assurance had created, he urged Miss Dalton to give up the idea of racing.

"The common is fearfully uneven," he said, "full of holes and inequalities. You will be thrown, I am sure."

"No," said Miss Dalton, who would have risked her neck for the honor of racing with Lord Harcourt. "Lord Harcourt has piqued me, and I will put it to the test."

"Lilian——," said Sir Ralph.

But before he could finish the four had started, and Lilian, who had not heard him, was keeping her slight but serviceable little horse well in hand over the rough ground.

"There is no danger, really, Harry?" asked Sir Ralph with alarm.

"Not the slightest," said Mr. Besant sullenly. "But I think it an uncommon foolish thing for ladies to be racing off in that madcap fashion."

And he watched Lilian as she, rattling ahead of them all, turned to wave her hand with a smile to Claude Ainsley, who was pushing on behind.

Sir Ralph said nothing, but watched the race in silence.

Lilian kept the lead for a half-turn round, and then Lord Harcourt swung in first, keeping there till the goal was reached, with Miss Dalton second and Lilian third.

Miss Dalton was very much annoyed, or pretended to be, at her defeat, and, pouting her well-formed lips very bewitchingly, turned her horse sharply round—so sharply that Lilian's felt itself affronted, and, pricking up its ears, rose on its hind legs.

"Take care, Lilian!" cried Sir Ralph.

Mr. Besant said nothing, but very unwisely made a dash for the spot. The excited horse took fright at such a sudden onslaught, and, laying back her ears, put all four feet to the ground, and set off at a swinging pace.

"Mercy! Heaven!" cried Sir Ralph, "the beast has run away."

Mr. Besant was for dashing after it; but Lord Harcourt rode in front of him and Sir Ralph, and, holding up his hand, exclaimed:

"Don't move; stop where you are. Miss Melville can control him well enough if you do not make him worse by chattering after. See, she has turned him already. Make way," and he swerved aside as Lilian, with flaming cheeks and sparkling eyes, steered the alarmed but conquered animal past the group.

Sir Ralph hastened up and insisted upon Lilian dismounting, while the rest commenced talking all at once, congratulating the rider on her nerve, and lauding the style in which she had kept the runaway in hand, Claude Ainsley's deep-toned voice distinct above the others.

"Wonderfully well done," said Lord Harcourt. "Let me look at your wrist, Miss Melville. It is steel. You should be proud of it."

"The beast! I will sell it," said Sir Ralph.

"No, no, papa," said Lilian, who had grown fond of her horse, hitherto quiet and steady enough. "No, no; please do not be angry with it. I jerked the curb, I did indeed. It was my fault. Look, papa," and before anyone could prevent her she had sprung into the saddle, "it is quiet enough now. Let me ride him again, do," and she started at a canter, the gentlemen forming guard at either side, and Mr. Besant urging Lilian to exchange with him at every step.

"There," said Lilian triumphantly, "he is all right now, as quiet as a lamb. O papa! promise me I may keep him."

"Quiet enough now," said Lord Harcourt confidently; but added inwardly with a malicious smile: "Once a runaway, always a runaway. That pretty little beast may be worth thirty thousand a year to Lady Melville—who knows?"

CHAPTER XXVI.

Far up above the years and days
The high gods, crowned and clothed with patience,
Endure through days of deathlike state.
They bear the witness of things hidden:
Before their sight the wicked children,
As they before the eyes of Fate.—SWINBURNE.

It was the last night of the party at the Towers. Mr. Besant's proposal for Lilian seemed to have been the signal for immediate flight; for Sir Ralph, of course, declared that he must return to Rivershall at once—important business, steward worrying, the Home Farm going wrong, a dozen sufficient reasons were adduced why he and Lilian could not remain longer. Lady Melville discovered a morning later than she was compelled to be in town, and Lord Harcourt found that it was absolutely necessary for him to put in an appearance at a certain club-dinner at the same date. Misses Dalton and Amot, at last fully persuaded that his lordship and Claude Ainsley had neither hearts nor taste—in fine, would not be captivated by the aforesaid charms—also intimated that their mammas were growing anxious. As for Mr. Ainsley—as he never had any appointments, never dined at clubs, and was answerable to no one for his whereabouts—it was enough excuse for him that all the rest were going, that he must follow my leader, and be going to. Lady Besant was sorry to lose her distinguished guests; but she had some consolation, as in a few straightforward, triumphant words her fox-hunting son had given her to understand that the heiress of Rivershall—beautiful Lilian Melville—was his, and the devoted mother was satisfied.

"Ah, dear me, Harry," she said with a profound sigh, "I wish the dear Alderman could have been alive to see this day!"

"In that case my existence might have been somewhat uncertain," replied Mr. Besant rather quickly.

"Yes, yes," murmured Lady Besant, "or your poor father, dear Besant, how pleased he would be!"

"Don't count your chickens before they're hatched, mother," hinted Mr. Besant, but in a tone that showed pretty plainly that he did not refrain from the somewhat unwise calculation himself.

"No, no," said Lady Besant. "But I don't think you have much to fear, Harry, if Sir Ralph gives his consent. Lilian is a very ladylike girl—I'm sure I'm quite proud of her already—she has been well brought up, and seems quite devoted to her father. If he says 'Yes,' I don't think you need fear a 'No' from her. Dear, sweet, obedient girl!"

"No, no, just so," said Mr. Besant confidently. "Lilian is very fond of the old gentleman, and will do just as he hints. No; I'm not very much afraid, mother."

And, having thus disposed of the subject, he clanked out of the room to see a new broodmare which he had added to his stables, the possession of which had been a matter requiring more finesse, even, than that expended in his successful negotiating for a wife. Lady Besant was therefore very well content, but some of her guests were rather dissatisfied. Miss Dalton had looked forward to great results from her visit to the Towers. Lord Harcourt was worth winning, and she had flattered herself that she might carry off the prize. But Lord Harcourt, though perfectly willing to receive all the adoration, flattery, and open sieging she was capable of giving him, would not be drawn beyond the limits of a gentle flirtation.

"My dear!" she said to her bosom friend Miss Amot, "he really has no heart. He's the handsomest man of his day and the flintiest. Venus would have to take to salt-water again; nothing would ever move him. And yet I saw that pretty little dimple frown on Sir Ralph's face. Hoping to mollify the effect his assurance had created, he urged Miss Dalton to give up the idea of racing.

"The common is fearfully uneven," he said, "full of holes and inequalities. You will be thrown, I am sure."

"No," said Miss Dalton, who would have risked her neck for the honor of racing with Lord Harcourt. "Lord Harcourt has piqued me, and I will put it to the test."

"Lilian——," said Sir Ralph.

But before he could finish the four had started, and Lilian, who had not heard him, was keeping her slight but serviceable little horse well in hand over the rough ground.

"There is no danger, really, Harry?" asked Sir Ralph with alarm.

"Not the slightest," said Mr. Besant sullenly. "But I think it an uncommon foolish thing for ladies to be racing off in that madcap fashion."

And he watched Lilian as she, rattling ahead of them all, turned to wave her hand with a smile to Claude Ainsley, who was pushing on behind.

Sir Ralph said nothing, but watched the race in silence.

Lilian kept the lead for a half-turn round, and then Lord Harcourt swung in first, keeping there till the goal was reached, with Miss Dalton second and Lilian third.

Miss Dalton was very much annoyed, or pretended to be, at her defeat, and, pouting her well-formed lips very bewitchingly, turned her horse sharply round—so sharply that Lilian's felt itself affronted, and, pricking up its ears, rose on its hind legs.

"Take care, Lilian!" cried Sir Ralph.

Mr. Besant said nothing, but very unwisely made a dash for the spot. The excited horse took fright at such a sudden onslaught, and, laying back her ears, put all four feet to the ground, and set off at a swinging pace.

"Mercy! Heaven!" cried Sir Ralph, "the beast has run away."

Mr. Besant was for dashing after it; but Lord Harcourt rode in front of him and Sir Ralph, and, holding up his hand, exclaimed:

"Don't move; stop where you are. Miss Melville can control him well enough if you do not make him worse by chattering after. See, she has turned him already. Make way," and he swerved aside as Lilian, with flaming cheeks and sparkling eyes, steered the alarmed but conquered animal past the group.

Sir Ralph hastened up and insisted upon Lilian dismounting, while the rest commenced talking all at once, congratulating the rider on her nerve, and lauding the style in which she had kept the runaway in hand, Claude Ainsley's deep-toned voice distinct above the others.

"Wonderfully well done," said Lord Harcourt. "Let me look at your wrist, Miss Melville. It is steel. You should be proud of it."

"The beast! I will sell it," said Sir Ralph.

"No, no, papa," said Lilian, who had grown fond of her horse, hitherto quiet and steady enough. "No, no; please do not be angry with it. I jerked the curb, I did indeed. It was my fault. Look, papa," and before anyone could prevent her she had sprung into the saddle, "it is quiet enough now. Let me ride him again, do," and she started at a canter, the gentlemen forming guard at either side, and Mr. Besant urging Lilian to exchange with him at every step.

"There," said Lilian triumphantly, "he is all right now, as quiet as a lamb. O papa! promise me I may keep him."

"Quiet enough now," said Lord Harcourt confidently; but added inwardly with a malicious smile: "Once a runaway, always a runaway. That pretty little beast may be worth thirty thousand a year to Lady Melville—who knows?"

CHAPTER XXVI.

Far up above the years and days
The high gods, crowned and clothed with patience,
Endure through days of deathlike state.
They bear the witness of things hidden:
Before their sight the wicked children,
As they before the eyes of Fate.—SWINBURNE.

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

G. E. S., Mountain View.—The yacht America never contended in a race for the Queen's Cup. The trophy won by her in English waters Aug. 22, 1851, was the Royal Yacht Squadron's Cup. She was afterwards entered for a cup offered by the Queen, but did not compete, though she sailed over the course, getting under weigh about an hour and a half after the competing vessels, and arriving home a few minutes after the winner. She was subsequently sold to Ibn. John De Blaquiere, a captain in the Indian army, for £5 000, and at an early period of the War of the Rebellion was captured while trying to run the blockade at a Southern Port. The Navy Register for the year ending Sept. 1, 1862, located her in the South Atlantic Squadron, where she was used as a dispatch-boat, etc. The following Summer she was at Portsmouth, N. H., as tender to the schooolship Marion. She was purchased by Gen. B. F. Butler about three years ago, and is now his property. She did not beat the Countess of Dufferin in a race.

J. C. EALING.—Mme. Eugenie Pappenheim, the daughter of a highly respected merchant of Vienna, was born in 1849. In her eleventh year her voice attracted the attention of her friends and family, and a well-known vocal teacher, Prof Lauter of Vienna, was engaged as her instructor. After she had studied for four years her tutor proposed that she should adopt the stage, a course which her family, considering their wealth and position, strongly objected to. Overcoming their views, she finally gained their consent, and made her debut in her seventeenth year as Valentine in Meyerbeer's "Huguenots," at Linz, Austria.

F. M. C., Edwards.—1. Mrs Mildmay is the leading female character in "Still Waters Run Deep," in Mr. Palmer's version of the original piece "The Poor of New York," was acted by the first old woman (Mrs. Blake); but, as the piece is played nowadays, Mrs. Puffy would probably be claimed as belonging to the first old woman. 3. There is no soubrette character in the piece; consequently the chambermaid of the company could not be compelled to act in it. To oblige the management, she might act Lucy Fairweather better than any other character. 4. No letters at present.

H. B. B.—E. L. Davenport did not perform in any town Friday evening, Feb. 16. He acted for the last time in Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 10. He was billed to perform the following week in the small towns of Pennsylvania (Wilkesbarre 16, but, owing to illness, was unable to do so, and Henry A. Weaver supplied his place. "The Dan'l Druce" Combination closed Feb. 17 for one week, and reopened Feb. 26 at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, where Mr. Davenport was announced to perform, but he was still indisposed, and Mr. Weaver acted Dan'l Druce.

NO SIGNATURE, Monticello.—1. A could not build "eight" with the five and the three from the board. He could combine them and take them at once with an eight in his hand, or he could add that eight-spot and make a pile of "eights" having done either of which, he could not immediately take in an ace with an ace. 2. You could not do it. Two piles cannot be built at the same time, though a player can have two piles on the board at the same time. Besides, you have not yet "built"—you have only "combined."

DANBURY.—Except in case of refusal by one of the parties to pit his fowl, no forfeit can be claimed before fighting, and then only the money pending on that battle can be claimed. Neither party is supposed to know the exact weight of his opponent's bird until the weighing, subsequently to the battle, takes place; they must match in accordance with the lists provided by the contestants, and any bird found to be heavier than there represented wins the money, although the other bird may have whipped him.

EIGHTH AVENUE.—The Worrell Sisters made their first appearance in this city April 30, 1866, in Wood's Theatre, now the Theatre Comique, and subsequently performed in the New York Theatre, now Keller's Wonder Theatre. 2. It will cost D twenty cents. 3. The highest card in the game about to be played wins the deal, and in euchre jack is highest. Your friend's argument about the jack also applies to the ace, which is likewise valueless unless we know what is trump.

M. B., Rochester.—1. London, Eng., probably contains more people than any seven cities in the United States, its population now being nearly 3,500,000. It is a close shave, however, and there are no data obtainable as to the population of American cities since 1875, the population of some not having been taken since 1870. 2. The author's name is not communicable, and the story is not published in book-form.

L. J. AND H. McQ., Halifax.—The performances of each, as described, are good; but we cannot decide which is the best, as they differ materially from one another, and it would be purely a matter of taste. The salary would depend in a great measure upon your success before the public and the reputation you might achieve—say from $20 to $80 per week.

A WEEKLY READER, Beverly.—1. We have no record of how many horses George M. Kelly ever turned a double somersault over. 2. There are several performers who have turned a double somersault over more than three horses, notably Rob Sickory, who cleared a double somersault over twenty-four hourses in Zanesville, O., about one year ago.

D. B. D., Boston.—Paisey Sheppard fought Bill Atkinson, A. Millan and R. Jones in England, and Con Riordan, Mike Coburn and Jim Murphy in this country. His fight with Jones, at Orell Station, Feb. 20, 1866, was his longest, occupying 3 hours. He also finished with Barney Aaron for $5,000, at 120lb., but it fell through.

SITTING BULL, Richmond.—1. The steamship Great Eastern first arrived at this port June 28, 1860. Cannot give date of her arrival at Hampton Roads, Va. 2. The message sent by Queen Victoria to President Buchanan, upon the completion of the Atlantic Cable, was dated Aug. 16, 1858.

F. N., Brooklyn.—1. Managers of city theatres do not take apprentices. 2. Go to some small town or city where there is a variety theatre. Interview the manager, show him what you can do, and get his permission to play for one or two nights. If you make a hit, then ask for an engagement.

J. N. D., Hamburg.—To practice as you described, alternately every half hour, might prove exhausting and in a degree injurious, unless you are possessed of considerable vitality and stamina. A first-class teacher can very easily determine your position in this respect.

JOHN HECK, Chicago.—1. J. C. Heenan died at Greenriver Station, on the U. R. R. R., while en route to Lower California, and his remains were interred in St. Agnes' Cemetery, Troy, N. Y. 2. "Mayhew" is a term used to designate the crime of tearing the flesh with the teeth.

W. J. L., Nashville.—1. The population of Paris, France, about 1,815,000. 2. Miss Emma Eilert, we believe, was born in this city. 3. She has been married but once. 4. She made her first appearance in Jerome's private theatre, in this city, Oct. 10, 1868, acting Camille.

J. W. H., Vicksburg.—1. The three aces will win, because the agreement was to discard two cards and play three-card poker, in which a flush is valueless. 2. You could not win with four cards unless it had been agreed that both players should discard one.

SUBSCRIBER, Boston.—1. N. C. Goodwin was playing Le Blanc in "Evangeline" at the time of latest advices. 2. Annie Adams, serio-comic, is in Rockford, Ill. 3. Johnson and Bruno are in San Francisco, Cal. 4. We never state what salary any particular performer receives.

TOM, Providence.—1. Pen and Pencil is published annually, make many volumes (every one confined to a particular year), and in their complete form are very costly. 2. There is a fast-time record in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC yearly.

BLIND JOE, Providence.—1. The count is high, low, jack and game, regardless as to which of these points is taken in first. 2. A should have claimed the game as soon as he saw B's last card. He could not claim five for the best trump until all of B's cards were known to him.

DACENDO.—"The Trombone Player." "The Man Guy Who Was Stuck." "American Plays." "Down Where the Lilies Grew." "Good-evening, Fellow-humbugs." "A Gentle Heart is Still."

WICK, Jersey City.—If the deal had gone round regularly as to all the preceding games, B was entitled to the deal at that juncture. It was too late for A to claim that the deal should be cut for.

YOUNG ONE, London.—1. We have no opinions to proffer as to rival systems in anything. Address Pitman or Munson. 2. Correct. 3. Composition defective, *vide* "that o' Munson's. 4. Plain and fair.

F. M., Albany.—The present population of Germany is about 43,000,000; in 1871 the official figures were 41,067,846. At the last census of Canada (1870), the population of the United States was 38,871,768.

D. MCC., Montreal.—Such reports are circulated for advertising purposes. No person save the parties to the contract or their personal representatives knows anything about the matter. It is purely a private business affair.

X. X. X.—1. C can raise it. B should not have called for cards until C had announced his standing or had passed out. 2. It is B's age after the straddle has been either made good by C or forfeited by him.

POLITICIAN, East Boston.—If, as you say, the bettors concede that there were frauds on both sides, they might go a step farther, and concede that the bets are null. Until they do this, the bets stand.

CHRAE.—"Coriolanus" was acted in Niblo's Garden Nov. 2, 1863, with the late Edwin Forrest in the title-role, and was subsequently repeated some eight times during Mr. Forrest's engagement.

J. L., Montreal.—*El Cronista*, semi-weekly, $16 per annum; *La Independencie*, weekly, $6 per annum. Address the publisher of those papers. You can order a dictionary through any bookseller.

BIAX.—"The Ballad of Bouillabaise" may be found in Thackeray's "Ballads and Tales," published by Smith, Elder & Co., London—price, $3. The book may be seen at some of the importing book-houses of New York.

H. D., Philadelphia.—1. Charles Diamond, song-and-dance performer, is said to have turned a somersault at the end of his song, holding his harp in his hand. 2. We have no record of their weight.

BILLY, St. Louis.—1. A player at cassino can build a second mule, when his time comes again to play, before taking in his first. 2. High deals at seven-up. Unless otherwise agreed upon, high deals at all games.

TRAF.—1. It is an Irish name, as well as a name common in almost all countries. 2. Harris for President. We are not a Returning Board or an Electoral Commission.

ELIOT STREET, Boston.—The turning of jack at seven-up entitles the dealer to count it at once. It then takes precedence of high held in hand.

L. L., New Britain.—Having made a pile of "five," the player cannot at his next play raise it to "ten" or anything else.

C. DENNY, Boston.—We have no personal knowledge of the matter, but it is so stated in "Fistiana," published at *Bell's Life* office.

FOUR LITTLE CLOWNS, Cincinnati.—1. B having made the trump, his partner cannot go alone. 2. No; there can be but one lone hand.

J. M., Philadelphia.—Somebody has been guying you. Lemon-juice taken at intervals is good for the voice. Minstrel vocalists receive from $25 per week to $75.

P. T. AND H., Cumberland.—The last dance must make a sequence of five, if the first made one, thirty-one not having been passed in either case.

E. A. S., Matteawan.—Being a difficult problem to solve, the question was submitted to a "commission" of experts, and the "college" decided as stated by a vote of "8 to 7."

R. W., Sherman.—1. Illinois has more miles of railroad than any other State in the Union. 2. The fact is decided by the fact that Hayes takes his seat as President.

G. F. J., Dover.—R is entitled to the money, if he claims it. His legal right to it, he having "bet that Hayes would be elected on Nov. 7, 1876," is without question.

REGULAR READER.—Each has had his admirers. The late Mickey Warren was in his prime before the other was heard of.

BOWERY.—John C. Fremont and John Cochrane were nominated in Cleveland, O., in 1864, to run against the ticket headed by Lincoln and that headed by McClellan.

F. T. B., Providence.—1. B's second ace makes no run. 2. The queen stops a run. 3. As there was no run of three, there could not, at the next play, be a run of four.

COVEAN, St. Louis.—Your only chance is to obtain a copy of either the picture or the book will be to advertise therefor, as both are out of print.

R. R., Fort Stockton.—1. No reliable time for those distances is here. 2. Coad defeated E. D. Davis on Long Island.

F. P. S., Pittsburg.—1. Application to almost any Catholic pastor in your city will elicit full information. 2. Address simply "Principal Girard College, Philadelphia."

D. W., Lexington.—Annie Louise Cary is now on her way to America. See musical summary for announcement of her arrival.

T. W. M., Havana.—The rank of General of the U. S. Army, now held by W. T. Sherman, was held by U. S. Grant before becoming President.

A. R.—We have no time to search our files for the information this week, but will do so in season to answer you in our next issue.

A READER, Keokuk.—S e our advertising columns. Price is a matter of private agreement.

J. H. SNYDER, Louisville.—The song is published. Apply to W. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, New York.

O. W. F., Davenport.—The lady should be allowed to procee d first, unless the path is unsafe.

SEVERAL REAL ESTATE AGENTS, San Francisco.—Aces are lowest at poker dice—fives beat sixes.

J. R., Chicago.—About thirty days, and about $125. Rates vary.

STEVE, New Haven.—Sam Hurst, the "Stalevbridge Infant," sailed from New York for England Sept. 14, 1872

C. R., Kinnundy.—We have no knowledge of the person named.

L. E., Montreal.—What is popularly known as "Graco-Roman" wrestling is identical with French wrestling.

F. W. P., SCOTLY, Wolcottville.—Hesenan and Savers o'clock fight took place at Farnborough, Eng., April 17, 1860.

T. G. MCM., Lonaconing.—Address some of our advertisers. We are not in the book-trade.

W. H. F. Mason City.—Billposters with circuses receive from $15 to $30 per month and their expenses.

P. P., Phila.—1. We know nothing of them. 2. Money is not necessary.

THOMAS, Uhrichsville.—C and D take two points for euchring A on his lone hand.

D. M. EDWARD.—J. B. Brown is acting in the Bowery Theatre, in this city.

L. S.—Of course three deuces beat three aces at poker dice.

NO SIGNATURE, Brooklyn.—Daniel Foster, No. 3 West Third street, N. Y., has medicines for diseases of fowl.

GEO. W. VERE, Flushing.—No one advertises to teach. Apply to a professional, addressing your letter in our care.

C. H. D., New Haven.—Van Amburgh died in Philadelphia Nov. 29, 1865.

LEARNER, Philadelphia.—Inquire of the stage-manager of one of the variety theatres in your city.

E. C., Philadelphia.—We cannot say. Letters addressed to them in care of this office should reach them.

H. D. C., Medford.—Thank you, but we have no time to spare for business outside of our own.

J. E. K., Oswego.—B having made the trump, neither A nor C can play alone.

P. M.—Cannot say.

N. G.—1. It is a musical work by Wagner. 2. We do not know.

G. A. F., Clyde.—Our checker-editor has taken care of Eddy and George.

SUBSCRIBER, Ottawa.—We cannot undertake to investigate the standing of business-houses or corporations.

KID SHERATURE, New Orleans.—Nobody has won. All three are equal losers.

J. T., Boston.—C is not bound to play so as to aid D to make a sweep.

C. L. C., Quincy.—All that is known is that Mr. T. Stewert was born about 1803.

A. B. C., Cincinnati.—B is out on his high, low and game.

F. J. K., Hartford.—No replies as to relative circulation of newspapers.

W. A. G., Third-avenue Theatre.—Not having beaten 11, B loses.

CORRESPONDENT UNION No. 2, St. John.—B loses precisely what A wins—$7.50 and a pair of boots.

D. D., Thornton.—William E. Evarts is fifty-nine, and Charles O'Conor about seventy.

JACK, Mobile.—Having made the three he gave, A went out on his hitch.

STAKEHOLDER, Monongahela.—Bets on the Presidential election are not off. They have been decided.

R. R. BROWN, Vella.—Send to Ed. James, as per address elsewhere.

J. B., Big Rapids.—There is no such name in the City Directory.

SUBSCRIBER, Kewanee.—Cannot say, as we paid no attention to it.

S. A. B., Kalamazoo.—Dice that are tilted, or do not rest squarely on their base.

TROY, N. Y., Washington.—Andrew Johnson *was* impeached.

TRIX, Danbury.—We have not the dimensions of the gun.

C.—The Tribune's decision in favor of Hayes settles it.

L. C. B., Rochester.—Yes; but let the reports be brief.

H. E. B., Chicago.—There is no such work published.

KEYS, Hartford.—See answer to "F. J. K., Hartford."

C. F. L.—See answer to "H. B. B." in this issue.

HENRY, Omaha.—A is out on his turning of jack.

JACK D.—John McCullough was born in 1837.

K. C. P.—D cannot play it alone against C.

G. W. H., Fon du Lac.—It cannot be had.

H. S., Phila.—A does not lose the game.

L. L. B.—Everybody but A has a draw.

NO SIGNATURE.—The three deuces win.

A. H. B., Brooklyn.—London, Eng.

SCHOOL-TICK.—A made no run.

J. H. F.—We should say not any.

ALEXIS, Chicago.—Cannot.

NO SIGNATURE.—B is out.

NO SIGNATURE.—D wins.

F. P. F.—We cannot say.

THE TELEPHONE.

It is a very simple instrument, this telephone, about which we have heard so much of late. It consists simply of an apparatus so constructed as to transmit sound by electricity. In the present age of blue glass and Talmagian sermons, there is nothing very remarkable in such an invention; and yet, unless we are very much in error, telephony will prove a wonderful art. The mind cannot grasp all the manifold uses to which this seemingly simple instrument may be put. Suppose, for example, that a serio-comic singer whose reputation is sufficient to attract large audiences desires to fulfill a number of engagements at the same time. All that will be necessary for the said singer to do is to place telephones upon the stages of the different theatres, connect them with wires, and then warble his songs in the privacy of his own room! His voice will be transmitted by the electricity, and half a dozen different audiences may drink in the melody at the same moment. In case of an encore, the fact can easily be communicated to the singer; and, if it so happened that the audience in Philadelphia wanted one song, and the audience in Chicago another, why, the artist could switch off the Philadelphia wire while he sang the Chicago song, and *vice versa*.

Then think of the advantage which the telephone will be to our theatrical managers! When an actor who is cast for an important part suddenly is taken ill, it will not be necessary, as now, to substitute some other member of the company. By the aid of telephony, the player in his bed will be enabled to speak his lines, and, though his body be invisible, his voice may still thrill the souls of his expectant hearers. What could be more effective than the Ghost in "Hamlet" thus presented? And all the time the Ghost might be broiling oysters in his own room, or sewing a stray button on to his other shirt. And then our lecturers—what a glorious thing for them! Instead of traveling over hundreds of miles of territory, and suffering the discomforts of country taverns, all they need do is to fix upon one night, let the audiences assemble, and utter their rounded periods to a hundred thousand ears! And our preachers! No longer will there be any necessity of attending church, for every man can have a telephone in his own house; and, if he chooses to go to sleep while the sermon progresses, there will be no cause for embarrassment upon awakening.

These thoughts crowd upon us as we picture the wonders which the Boston invention is destined to work. But along with our glowing fancies comes a voice of warning. Let no man connect his home and his place of business by a telephonic wire. For it would not be pleasant, in the midst of professional consultations with Smith or Jones, to hear the instrument say: "Hobbs is here with the butcher's bill, and I have sent him to the office. You'd better go out!"

OUR JIM has joined the Shakers. He was shaking dice for the soda-water the other day—he solemnly affirms that he doesn't take anything stronger than soda-water, except the butter at his boarding-house—he was shaking dice, when, according to his own version of the affair, the other shakers declared that he was "elected." James asserts that the returns showed otherwise, and wants to know if he is not entitled to call a commission to settle the matter. He says he is anxious for a settlement—and so is the man who furnished the soda-water.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.—We have been deeply grieved at the news just received that "two young women recently cowhided a man in the streets in Lexington, Ind., and that the man, lapsing from politeness, nearly killed one of his assailants with a club." This is horrible. But what we fear most is, that other men may follow the example of the man with the club, and make it warm for women everywhere. Truly, in the bright Lexington of the youth of Indiana there is no such word as fail.

IN SPITE of the really wonderful exhibitions which have been given by Mr. Brown and others, "Our Jim" refuses to take any stock in mind-reading. He says anybody can do it, and cites in proof of this assertion that it is absolutely impossible for the engineer of his boarding-house to hide the raspberry-jam so that he can't find it. This experiment, he adds, has been repeatedly tried, and has never failed in giving Jim jam.

"OUR BOYS" are beginning to rescue their baseballs from out of the camphor in which they have been reposing since November. And here we would respectfully suggest that persons accidentally hit by a ball on the fly should not act so crusty and resentful as others have acted in past seasons. The young fellows must have their recreation and outdoor exercise, else where shall we look for our future Presidents?

LAST SPRING the Centennial City was the objective point of weary pilgrims from all parts of the world. Now Washington is the great centre of attraction, towards which the impatient army of office-seekers are making their way. We pity the future of the new President, for his footsteps will press no flowery paths by day, while his nights will be disturbed by nightmares and Gobble-uns.

THERE IS a $30,000 tomb in Greenwood. A stonemason made it. In the outskirts of the city a pauper lies under a rose-bush. God made it.—*Danbury News.*

As everybody will now want to be a pauper, and be buried under the rosebush that God made, what is to become of the poor stone-mason?

SINCE THE blue-glass mania set in, restaurant and hotel keepers find great difficulty in supplying the increasing demand for bluefish. "Our Jim," very impertinently we think, says that this extra demand for fish *may* be owing to a vacuum in the brain-centre.

WE DON'T KNOW which created the more excitement in this city last week—the trial for the Presidency or the trial of Coburn. As both trials have been concluded, it is to be hoped that the metropolis will at once resume its wonted peace and quietness.

ONE MORE MULE would have done it, in either the Electoral Commission or the Electoral College; but mules turned up scarce just at the time when they might have been put where they would do the most good. Hence, those muley-tears.

WE DESIRE thus publicly to announce that there is no truth in the rumor that we have accepted a place in the new Presidential Cabinet. Others have been chosen, but we would rather be left than be President.

THE REV. ROBERT COLLYER of Chicago has chosen for the subject of one of his lectures "Clear Grit." Which is good, although "Our Jim" suggests that clear buckwheat with sausages is better.

OWING TO A PRESS of business at home, we shall be unable to participate in the inaugural ceremonies at Washington, which will make it bad for the ceremonies.

HOW'S THIS?—The schooner Margaret and Lucy went ashore March 2 on the New Jersey coast, near *Life-saving* Station No. 13, and *all hands were lost!*

FROM BROTHER TALMAGE'S recent discourse on the insurance business, we are led to believe that an endowment, and not honesty, is the best policy.

BOARDERS at the "Tombs" complain of the crowded condition of that receptacle, and would prefer other quarters. By all means, let them have a change.

CONCERNING RECREATION.

Not very long ago, the trustees of Princeton College decided to remove the billiard-tables which had been furnished for the use of the students. It was held by these grave and reverend gentlemen that the game of billiards could not consistently be played by young men whose minds are supposed to be engrossed with classic lore. Dr. McCosh, the president of the college, a man whose strong individuality has done more than any other one thing to make Princeton a popular institution, was in favor of permitting the students to play billiards or any other game which in itself is harmless and wholesome; but the superior power of the trustees prevailed, and so the green-covered tables were relegated to the cellar, or possibly the garret, of the classic halls.

The man never yet lived who did not need relaxation; and it is with this truism as a text that we are moved to preach a week-day sermon to the readers of THE CLIPPER. Even Dr. Franklin, whose maxims sometimes smack a little too strongly of Puritanism and penuriousness, declared that the day should be divided into three parts of eight hours each, and that one of these parts should be devoted to work, another to sleep, and a third to relaxation and amusement. All men cannot follow out these instructions, since they are forced to labor longer than eight hours out of the twenty-four; but none are so pressed with work, none should be, at all events, as to deny themselves a fair amount of leisure. If this leisure is to be devoted to amusement, it behooves every man to determine for himself how he may best employ his unoccupied hours. The word relaxation implies that there has been a previous strain, and this may be produced either by physical or by mental labor. It is the loosening of this strain which is sought in amusement; and whatever accomplishes this end best is to be regarded as not only innocent, but positively beneficial.

We must assume, at the outset, that what brings relaxation is in itself harmless. If anybody finds his amusement in cutting other people's throats, the law wisely provides that he shall not be permitted to indulge in his favorite pastime. It is not proper that he should. It indicates a depraved taste, and, besides, it is unpleasant for the people whose throats are cut. But if a man is more reasonable in his recreation, then he ought to seek it as a duty, and he ought to find it abundantly provided. It may be supposed that the young men of Princeton College, for example, require some other food than that which is furnished in Greek roots and mathematical problems. They will be fully as wise if they devote a portion of their time to baseball, boating, and billiards. A sound mind in a sound body is a phrase which every Freshman in every college in the land has probably translated from the Latin; and he would do well to lay the time-honored saying to heart. A blind and senseless prejudice against certain games has long existed in the minds of many estimable persons, who are generally at a loss to tell why such prejudice sways them, or whence it originated. Take as an illustration the game of billiards, which has proved offensive to the learned trustees of Princeton College. Will anybody presume to assert that this game is in itself harmful? It affords a splendid opportunity for the display of skill and nerve; it trains the eye to a nice measurement of angles; it furnishes enough of bodily exercise to be beneficial; and it brings into play not only the physical organs, but the mental faculties. All this is not to be disputed; but the straight-laced moralist tells you that billiards uses up the time which might be more profitably employed. And in what way more profitably? A man cannot work always. Whether his labor be mental or physical, nature demands that he shall rest. You can kill even the pack-horse if you drive him hard enough; you can turn a man into a machine that will do its work but poorly if you squeeze all the juices of enjoyment out of his existence. It is not for the game of billiards alone that we argue; it is for wholesome amusement, in whatever shape it may present itself most attractively to the mind. It would be untenable, certainly, to claim that a boy should be sent to college for the purpose of becoming an adept with the cue or bat or oar; but he can turn to these things for recreation, and they will not in any degree lessen his knowledge of Latin and Greek. He will be equally as well qualified to translate his diploma, when he gets it, and the soundness of his body will more fittingly correspond with the soundness of his mind.

Under the "Blue Laws" of Connecticut it was held to be an unpardonable offense to indulge in a game of cards. Every one of the fifty-two bits of pasteboard was regarded by the earlier inhabitants of the Nutmeg State as a ticket which admitted the bearer to a reserved seat in that theatre where fire causes no alarm. A man was not only morally damned, but he was called upon to answer for his offense before an earthly tribunal—emphatically earthly—if he dared to engage in a quiet game of "seven-up." That was rigid morality, and it flourished in a State which afterwards manufactured hams out of wood and shoes with pasteboard soles. We have outgrown the days of the "Blue Laws," but it is to be confessed that we have not yet wholly outgrown the foolish prejudices which they inculcated. A pack of playing-cards is still regarded by some highly virtuous people as an instrument of the Evil One, and we presume that nothing could induce Brother Talmage to take a hand at whist or euchre: Cards are used to gamble with, it is argued, and therefore they are to be shunned—which is not very sound logic. It would be quite as possible to gamble with slips of paper bearing Scripture texts, and a player might make his bet by "coppering" one of the Ten Commandments, just as well as one of the ten-spots. If cards have fallen into evil associations, that is their misfortune, not their fault. In themselves they are harmless, and offer a pleasant and varied form of amusement. The hearts and diamonds, spades and clubs, may be handled by the whitest of fingers without fear of contamination. If the fingers are all right to begin with, the cards will never pollute them.

We come back to our original proposition, that every man needs relaxation. He may find it at the theatre, the opera, in billiards, cards, chess or checkers—wherever or in whatever form he pleases; he must find it somewhere. And this relaxation must be taken not as a steady diet—else it ceases to fulfill its mission—but as a seasoning to the more solid food of life. What to one man is recreation to another is business. Our professional baseball-players do not run the bases for amusement, but for money. Garnier, Sexton, Daly, Slosson and the Dions play billiards because it is their business to play. When they want relaxation they put up the cue. Our amateur actors repeat their lines and don the stage-dress for an hour, and think it all delightful; but the professional finds it to be constant and laborious work. In short, recreation can be found only in a turning aside from the established rules of life; in diverting the mind from those subjects which it is forced continually to contemplate. For this very reason, the man who makes pleasure the sole end of his existence fails of his purpose. There must be the strain first, else relaxation affords no enjoyment. Given a regular amount of work, and amusement is relished with a zest, and should be sought after by all who would make the world better and brighter.

FUN IN THE OLDEN TIME.

We have been greatly interested in the efforts of *The New York Sun* to select the handsomest man in New York. This is no easy task, however, for the metropolis boasts of so *many* handsome masculines that it would require both houses of Congress and the Supreme Court thrown in to properly locate the top-sawyer of the pretty boys. The "handsome" subject is not confined to this city, however, for in the old country the many novel modes for celebrating the Christmas holidays not only brought the handsomest couple to the front, but the festive board went behind such returns, and decided questions as to ugly parties. The following announcements are cut from *The Wigan Observer*, a newspaper published in Lancashire, Eng., in December last:

"A PASTRY FEAST will be held at the house of MR. GEO. MARSH, NEW INN, BRITANNIA BRIDGE, LOWER INCE, near Wigan, on DEC. 16, 17, 18. To the handsomest couple, a pint of rum; to the ugliest, 11b. of black puddings. On Monday night a money prize will be given to the best sentimental singer."

"A PASTRY FEAST.—MR. JAMES JENKINSON of the RED LION INN will give on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday a bottle of rum for the handsomest, and a quart of penny ale for the ugliest couple will be given on Sunday."

Another publican announces that "on the 15th there will be a pair of clogs danced for; on the 16th there will be a pint of whiskey for the handsomest couple, and a pound of black puddings for the ugliest. On the 17th a large pastry will be sung for."

Another gives notice that "on Sunday a pint of rum for the handsomest couple, a pound of black puddings for the second, and a red herring for the third. A pair of clogs on Monday for the best clog-dancer, six niggers to be in attendance."

AT THE RISING SUN, "a fat rabbit for the handsomest couple, and a quart of 'old peg' for the ugliest, and a muffler to be danced for."

The landlord of the Dangerous Corner Inn says: "Black puddings and such like enses will not be given to the ugliest, etc., because all will be considered handsome who may attend. A pastry as big as a riddle will be given, to be bowled for on the Monday; it will be a rare tiff. A large room for dancing. Refreshments always at hand, from the most *recherche* down to the good old-fashioned Englishman's delight, viz., ham and eggs. (N. B.—These latter manufactured on the premises.) Jokes cracked by the yard and puns by the ell. Please don't aspirate the last word."

NOW THAT HAYES is President, the people of Ohio are beginning to hail Columbus! who first discovered him.

THE LEGISLATION on the question of *pools* looks as though it might end in a *muddle*.

IT IS a somewhat singular fact that every man believes the circus has degenerated since he was a boy. He recalls the sugary days of his youth when he used to laugh himself hoarse over the clown's jokes, and feel his blood tingle at the daring feats of the riders and acrobats. Now the odor of the sawdust does not thrill him as of old, and he cannot laugh so heartily as he once did, nor derive the same keen enjoyment from the performance in the ring. All this leads him to the conclusion that the performance itself has deteriorated—which is a mistake. The circus of to-day is really superior to any which was witnessed twenty years ago. Our gymnasts and riders have kept pace with the times, and grown more skillful than their predecessors. If, at thirty, there is not the same amount of pleasure to be derived from their performances which there was at ten, the fault lies with the spectator, and not with the entertainment. A generation hence, we may expect that the youngster who now looks upon the circus as the epitome of all earthly enjoyment will sigh for the good old days when he used to go into the tent under the canvas, instead of through the door. The fact is that most of us can laugh more heartily at ten than in maturer years, and that is why we look back upon the amusements of that age as superior to any which we enjoy in after-life. All this opens up the door for some philosophical reflections, touching the pleasures of childhood—but we will resist the temptation to indulge in them. Still, we cannot refrain from deducing this one obvious moral: Take the children to the circus. They will appreciate it, and you can find pleasure in their appreciation.

WE MUST CONFESS to a feeling of astonishment the other day, when, among our letters, we found one inquiring whether there really was any such person as "Our Jim." We hasten to reply that there *was* and *is* such a person, and we are constrained to add that there is likely to be for some time to come. It seems a little discouraging that, after all our efforts to make the young man known, there should be any among the readers of THE CLIPPER who doubted his existence. We have sought to instruct him in the way of truth and duty; and while he is generally inclined to take whatever he can lay his hands on, we grieve to say that he has not always taken our good advice. Yet we have never despaired. Time and time again have we pointed out to him the illustrious example to be found in the life of the immortal Washington; and time and time again has he promised to chop down a cherry-tree when the opportunity and the tree should present themselves. "Our Jim" is no myth. He lives and breathes and has his being, and his seeing, and occasionally his d—ing, like the rest of us; he eats and sleeps—especially eats; and sometimes, under the pressure of overpowering circumstances, he even works—although he prefers to be judged by his faith, rather than his works. In view of all this, we regret that the material existence of "Our Jim" is called into question; and were it not asking too much of our correspondent, we would invite him to call upon us at our sanctum and learn for himself the difficulty he would have in finding his cigar stump when he came to leave—for Jim smokes!

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** On Feb. 26: Filibustering for delay having received a severe check in the House, the joint convention reassembled, and, after the votes of Pennsylvania and Rhode Island had been counted for Hayes and Wheeler, the two returns from South Carolina were submitted to the Commission, with the objections to each.....Two negroes and an Arrapahoe Indian were sentenced to be hanged at Fort Smith, for murders committed in the Indian Territory.....James Lynch, a fugitive from justice, was shot dead by negro-manumitters at Hopkinsville, Ky.....John Donovan was shot and perhaps mortally wounded by William Brushell, at Norwich, N. Y.....J. P. Hassler, late cashier of the Carlisle (Pa.) Deposit Bank, hung himself.....Joseph Brigham of Boston, Mass., was robbed of $40,000 in notes, stocks and bonds. The securities have been recovered.....Fires: The deaf-and-dumb institution near Council Bluffs, Ia. (Feb. 25)—loss $100,000, no insurance: five business-houses at Mexia, Texas—loss $30,000; the Merchants' Hotel at Rondout, N. Y.—loss about $30,000, insured for $14,500; the building 455 and 457 Broadway, this city, occupied by W. T. Lloyd & Co., J. Maidhoff and others—loss $12,500, insured; B. G. Sayers' building, in which was located Oddfellows' Hall, at Ripley, O.—loss over $11,000, partly insured; the roof of the Old Bayley Sessions House, London, Eng.....At Vergennes, Vt., James Baker, aged 12, was accidentally shot and fatally wounded by William Gaunys, aged 17.....About eight thousand persons took part in the obsequies of Col. John O'Mahoney at Dublin, Ireland.....Frederick Apple was shot at Windsor, Ont., by an employe named Humphreys, over a dispute about wages.....The schooner James McCloskey went to pieces on Mt. Sinai Beach, L. I.....While at work on the Elevated Railroad, this city, Charles Allen was caught between a train and the ties, and fatally hurt.....James Thompson was crushed by a drill-engine in Jersey City, N. J.....Michael Benton, aged 55, was instantly killed while attempting to cross a railroad-track in this city.....Four men were killed, and as many more wounded, by a boiler-explosion at Petersburg, Ind.

*** Feb. 27: The Electoral Commission decided the vote of South Carolina in favor of Hayes and Wheeler.....The House passed David Dudley Field's bill for a new election, and then, by a majority of one vote, took a recess till 10 A. M. next day. The Senate referred the bill to the Committee on Privileges and Elections, and passed the joint resolution authorizing the acceptance of the statue of Liberty.....A coroner's jury returned a verdict that Thomas Ryan, the Newark, N. J., murderer, died from poison, administered by himself.....J. E. Dear committed suicide in this city.....229 Sioux Indians from the hostile camp on the Powder River were stated to have surrendered their arms and 300 ponies at the Cheyenne Agency.....The detectives Turtle and Bell, indicted at Lincoln, Neb., for kidnapping John H. Blair and taking him to England, were discharged from custody.....Edward Rice was shot and mortally wounded at Boston, Mass., by a policeman who was trying to arrest two thieves.....The loss of the whaling-steamer Spitzbergen, with all on board (twenty-two), was announced per cable.....A post-mortem examination of the remains of Dr. John Lynch, who died suddenly in this city, confirmed the suspicion that death resulted from poison, supposed to have been administered by a man named Conkling, who disappeared.....Anton Bonaur was killed on the railroad at Hoboken, N. J.....Johanna Coakley, aged 50, was fatally burned at Williamsburg, L. I., through her bedclothes taking fire.

*** Feb. 28: Farewell-receptions in honor of Governor and Mrs. Hayes were given at Columbus, O., in the afternoon, nearly 10 000 school-children visited them at the State House, and the Legislature and citizens, irrespective of party, paid their respects in the evening.....The Senate affirmed and the House rejected the Commission's decision in the South Carolina case, and then the houses met in joint convention. The votes of Louisiana were counted for Hayes, and those of Texas and Tennessee for Tilden, and, objection being made to the vote of Vermont, the houses again separated, the Senate voting down the objection and the House taking a recess.....The filibusters in the House were badly beaten, and found much fault with Speaker Randall's rulings in opposition to delay.....Appeals to business-men for a prompt completion of the count were sent to Washington.....W. H. Walker & Co., wholesale whiskey-dealers, of Cincinnati, O., failed; liabilities over $200,000, assets $130,000.....At Woodstock, Vt., Henry O. Gravelin was denied a new trial, and sentenced to be hung March 9.....Fires: The Masonic Temple at North Attleboro, Mass.—loss $20,000, insurance $14 000; the Union School-house, New Philadelphia, O.—loss $20 000, insured for $15,000; James Gilmore's paper-mill, at East Lee, Mass.—loss $10,000, fully insured.

*** March 1: After about twelve hours had been wasted through the persistent efforts of the filibusters to secure delay, the House voted to reject Solace's vote from Vermont, and the house met in joint convention. Vermont, Virginia and West Virginia were counted, and, objection being made to Republican elector for Wisconsin—the last State—the Houses separated. The Senate voted the objection down. The extremists of the House endeavored to secure a recess, but the conservatives resolved to complete the count before adjourning.....Gov. and Mrs. Hayes, with a party of friends, left Columbus, O., at noon, for Washington, D. C.....John McCall was executed at Yanktown, D. T., for the murder of J. B. Hickok, alias "Wild Bill."..... Edward Kelly, a "Molly Maguire," confessed having murdered John P. Jones at Langford, Pa.....A negro riot near Clarkston, S. C., was quelled by a Sheriff's posse without bloodshed.....Fires: The Harding paper-mill, at Franklin, O.—loss $25,000, partially insured; Parrish Brothers' spice-mills, at Baltimore, Md.—loss $10,000, partly insured.

*** March 2: The count of the electoral votes was completed by Congress, in joint session, shortly after four o'clock A. M., and R. B. Hayes and W. A. Wheeler were declared elected President and Vice-president of the United States.....Governor Hayes and party arrived at Washington, D. C., about 9.50 A. M., the President-elect visiting the President at noon, and subsequently appear

THE RING.

JOSEPH COBURN ON TRIAL.
Convicted of Felonious Assault with Intent to Kill.

The case of Joe Coburn, against whom two indictments charging felonious assault with intent to kill were found, occupied the attention of the Court of General Sessions, this city, during five days of the past week, and terminated, agreeably to public expectation, in his conviction. The waning of the interest at first manifested by the general public in the proceedings was shown by the absence of anything like excitement in the street or a crush in the court-room. The case was called on Tuesday, February 27, when the prisoner's counsel argued for a postponement, basing their appeal upon a physician's certificate, signed by Drs James R. Wood and H. B. Sands, to the effect that Coburn could not, from the nature of the injuries received, regain his natural physical and mental vigor until the lapse of several weeks. A paper was likewise produced containing a statement that the physician whose name was attached to it had treated Mrs. Bridget Coburn, the prisoner's mother, for religious mania, and had her committed to the Blackwell's Island Insane Asylum, where she died of that affliction several years ago. Assistant District Attorney Rollins replied to Mr. Curtis, and read a certificate signed by Dr. Macdonald, chief surgical officer of the public institutions on the Island, who stated that there was nothing in the physical or mental condition to interfere with his ordinary capacities. Col. Spencer and E. M. Chipman followed ex-Judge Curtis in appeals for a postponement, but Judge Sutherland denied them, and the work of securing a jury was commenced, upon the completion of which the Court adjourned till the following day.

The trial proper commenced on the morning of the 28th ult., Mr. Rollins announcing that the prisoner would first be tried for assaulting Policeman Wm. E. Tobias with intent to kill. Assistant District-attorney Rollins, who was assisted in the conduct of the case by Mr. Lyons, opened for the prosecution with an elaborate argument, and then called officer Tobias to the stand. His testimony was substantially the same as the version of the affray already published in these columns, as was also that of officer Jerfies, the second witness. The latter upon cross-examination by Mr. Brooke, admitted that he had clubbed Coburn four or five times after the first shot was fired, and that when Joe kicked back at him, on the way to the station-house, he struck him upon the head with his club, and was told by the roundsman to desist. Roundsman Francis O'Neil testified that on the night in question he came upon the scene as Coburn and Officer Jerfies were struggling, and saw the former hold a pistol to the head of the latter, but heard no shots fired. Witness struck Coburn, knocked him down, and took a pistol from him. The weapon produced (a self-cocking English six-chambered revolver) was the one which he had taken from the prisoner. This closed the case for the prosecution, and the court adjourned for the day.

On the last inst. Mr. Chipman opened the case for the defense with a forcible address, and then the witnesses were called, the prisoner himself testifying as follows: "About 1 A. M. on the morning of the shooting Officer Tobias came and put his head inside the door, and said to Lynch, who was sitting at the end of the bar: 'Lynch, you — come out here and say what you said a few nights ago, and I'll make you take it back;' I jumped out and told him not to create a disturbance in my place; Tobias replied: 'Well, he insulte d me the other night;' I said: 'Well, you must speak to him about that; you can't afford to quarrel with a boy like that;' Tobias then made an insulting remark about Lynch, and also made an insulting remark about myself; I then turned to walk away, and was immediately struck on the head with his club by Tobias; as I was trying to get up I was struck again on the head with a club and immediately lost consciousness; I came to myself again while being dragged through Thirtieth street, and was again clubbed from behind; on being taken to the station-house Capt. Williams seized me by the back of the neck, ran me across the room, and said: 'Why didn't you bring him in dead?' If I was there he would not need any counsel.' On cross-examination by Mr. Rollins, Coburn denied that he owned the pistol [produced], or had fired a pistol on the night of the shooting; never carried a pistol in his life; had no recollection whatever of firing a pistol, and did not see the weapon until it was shown to him at the station-house; Tobias had spoken to his bartender the night before for keeping the place open, and he [Coburn] replied that he had a perfect right to keep the place open, it being a restaurant as well as a saloon; he said nothing to Tobias to anger him, but he appeared to have been drinking, otherwise, he thought, the officer would never had the presumption to go into his house and create a disturbance; did not go back to the saloon after going out with Officer Tobias; wanted to do so, but they would not let him; they took him to the station-house, and he had not been able to get back there since."

Michael Costello, Thos. E. Gould, and one or two others testified in corroboration of the main points in the above, and that Coburn was clubbed by both officers before any shots were fired, and that they did not see him fire at all. These witnesses were cross-examined by Mr. Rollins, but could not be made to depart from their original statements. After several other witnesses had given evidence of an unimpo rtant character, the defense rested their case. The prosecution then called James Byrne, who gave testimony in rebuttal very damaging to the prisoner, in whose hands he stated that he saw the revolver, and that he saw the shots fired. George Canney, a private watchman employed near Coburn's place, testified that the prisoner used abusive language to the officer. The case was now closed, and an adjournment ordered until the 3d, when Mr. Brooke summed up for the defense and Mr. Rollins for the prosecution, after which Judge Sutherland briefly and impartially charged the jury, who after remaining out forty-five minutes returned with a verdict of guilty. Motions for a new trial and an arrest of judgment were made by Mr. Brooke and denied, and Coburn was remanded to the Tombs to await sentence, for which he was not brought up on the 5th.

CINCINNATI SPORTS AT LOGGERHEADS.

Concerning the recent shooting scrape between Tom Hartshorn and Dick Holland (Eph's brother), *The Cincinnati Inquirer* of Feb. 26 says: "For two or three weeks there has been bad blood between certain sports in this city, and in one or two instances personal altercations that almost amounted to a collision. Criminations and recriminations went on from day to day. Thomas Hartshorn, the donor of the bear cubs to the Zoo, accused Colonel Richard Holland of a misunderstanding of the rule of *meum* and *tuum* to the pecuniary loss of Thomas to about $335. Colonel Dick Holland sober has borne a very fair reputation as a man of peace. Those who know Hartshorn say that it is almost impossible to provoke him to violence. He growls considerably, but at heart he is well disposed, and is a kind and charitable soul. About six o'clock last evening, Thos. Hartshorn was sitting in Andy Gilligan's saloon, on the corner of Vine and Longworth streets, talking with Jack Connolly, when Dick Holland came in quite drunk, with Harry Burnell. Gilligan says that Holland was probably abusive to Hartshorn with the tongue, and that the latter took it all very quietly. The general rumor on the subject corroborates this. After a while Holland drew a pistol and flourished it, and dared Hartshorn to draw, continuing to apply offensive epithets to him. "I guess I'll call you," answered Hartshorn, as he tells the story himself, and then, rising, drew and advanced toward Holland, who fired but missed. Hartshorn fired in return, the ball taking effect, passing through Holland's left wrist. Eye-witnesses say that Holland retreated behind the bar and took refuge, that Hartshorn snapped his pistol three times, the muzzle close to Holland's head, but that it did not go off. Hartshorn was hurried out by parties in the saloon on to Longworth street and Holland was taken out on Vine. The police arrested Holland and took him to Ninth street Station on the charge of shooting with intent to kill. From the Station he was taken to the Cincinnati Hospital, on account of the dangerous and rather painful nature of his wound. The police did not, from what they could hear of the circumstances of the case, regard Hartshorn as a proper subject for arrest. After this affair, Hartshorn met Eph Holland on the street, had some words with him, and gave him a slap in the face. Whiskey, good, bad or indifferent, was at the bottom of the affair, and it is said that sports are prone to quarrels, but if that be true it is only giving every man his due to say that these men have not during a long residence in this city ever before shown a disposition to get into a public brawl.

McCLELLAN BEATS CASH.—A glove-contest "for $100 a side," the conditions being that the encounter should not last over an hour, with rounds of five minutes each, and an interval of one minute between rounds, took place in a room in the upper part of the metropolis. The principals were William C. McClellan, who has been before the public as a sparrer and teacher of the art for a number of years past, and John Cash, who became somewhat prominent as a boxer within the past year, and who has of late been looked upon as a pretty good customer to deal with—much tougher, indeed, than he proved when subjected to the ordeal. The affair was brought off on the quiet, a limited number of spectators being permitted to pay ten dollars apiece for the privilege of being present, and this select body embracing a number of "big guns" in society, on the turf, etc. McClellan was seconded by that able ring-tactician Lilly Clark, while Cash was handled by Warry Edwards. It was a sort of slamdong affair all through, unmarked by anything especially brilliant in the way of science, but chockfull of undeniably severe hitting, and the superiority of McClellan was quickly made apparent. Cash was knocked down in nearly every round, and was beaten to a standstill in 16 minutes, in which time nine rounds were fought.

DAN DOUGHERTY'S BENEFIT drew a rather small audience to Harry Hill's on the afternoon of March 1; but the performance was just as good as though the house had been crammed, the sparring being, in each of the four sets-to, capital. Jim Driscoll and Young Gould led off, followed by John Cash and Jack Gallagher, who were in turn preceded by Jack Riley and Young McDermott, while the wind-up was a rattling good affair between the beneficiary and Mike Gillespie of the Quaker City. Uncle Tovee was M. C. There is talk of a match with gloves between Dan and Mike, and, as we understand that both men are ready and willing to box for a stake, there will probably be no difficulty in arranging matters.

THE "HARRY HILL SCENE" in "Round the Clock," at the Olympic Theatre, was made more realistic last week by the appearance at each performance of the identical Harry himself in the capacity of master of ceremonies and boss of the sporting theatre. He acquitted himself exceedingly well, too; and, indeed, proved the trump card of the piece, his appearance being the signal for a prolonged outburst of hearty applause. Jimmy Kelly and Johnny Riley also replaced the youthful Long Brothers in the sparring scene, and, by the skill shown and the vim with which they "set about" each other, gave infinitely more satisfaction than their predecessors.

A "BEN." FOR GOSS.—Good-humored and scientific Joe Goss arrived in Gotham from the home of the Quakers last week, and proposes abiding with us a while. Not wishing to let the exchequer run too low meanwhile, he proposes to give an exhibition at Harry Hill's Sporting Theatre on the afternoon of Thursday, March 15. The boys who have graduated from the college of fistic science may be depended upon to come forward upon this occasion and do their level-best, while the programme will be varied by songs, dances, sketches, etc., by Hill's troupe, wrestling and other athletic feats, Goss and Steve Taylor will try and outbox each other in the wind-up.

FISTICUFFS IN JERSEY.—Having had a dispute regarding a young damsel upon whose charms each had cast loving glances, William Conkling and Henry Close, full-fledged J. rseymen, residing in Paterson, concluded to settle their troubles by an appeal to arms. Accordingly, on Feb. 25 they met on the Bergen County side of the river, and proceeded to pummel each other, according to rule in some respects and not according to rule in others, for satisfaction sake, until eight rounds had been recorded, when Close brought butting tactics into play, and succeeded in knocking the wind out of Conkling, whom the referee decided against.

JOHNNY DWYER, who has not been waited upon by Steve Taylor in reference to a match, now says he'll meet anybody in a glove-match for five hundred dollars a side, upwards, the time to be one hour or longer. The match can be made by calling upon Johnny at No. 9 Nassau street, Brooklyn, or by appointing a day to meet at this office, sign articles, and post.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM, who fought Tom Shipp Nov. 23, 1857, near Bristol, Eng., and was beaten in 49min., was buried at Bath Cemetery Feb. 10.

JOHNNY DONALDSON of Cleveland and Bill Cooke were announced to give an exhibition at Newark, O., March 3.

THERE IS A LETTER in our care addressed to John Dwyer.

BOWLING.

THE LEATHER MEDAL.

Noted for their liberality, the Empires were liberal enough to leave the sound of the chimes, on March 1, and depart on an excursion to the Brooklyn Boulevards, for the purpose of contesting the right of the Columbias to receive the "swamp" medal, which is to be presented by a gentleman in the leather business to the club not winning one game in the series, and that tough honor now lies between the Empires and Nationals. The two teams were captained by T. O'Neil and W. Woods; and, after a long delay in waiting the arrival of the *enfants perdus* from New York, R. Orr of the Nassaus was chosen umpire, and game was called at 8:45. The captain of the Empires led off with a strike, which carried him out, and Captain Woods followed with a break; but the other nine from Gotham seemed rusty from want of practice, and did not back up King O'Neil's splendid opening. The same may be said of the Columbias with one exception; but, as neither club ever bowled together before, and a majority of them not even being acquainted with each other, they were naturally nervous. In the commencement of the fourth inning the boys from York bowled with more certainty, and it looked as if they got the hang of the alley; but, before the inning was ended, they again weakened, and when the fourth frame was added up they were ten pins ahead. At the end of the sixth they were seven pins ahead, and at the end of the tenth they were twenty-eight pins behind, losing the match by the unlucky bowling of three members of the team. Mr. Wallace led the score on both sides, while the bowling of Danebaum, Voss and Conn of the Empires was fully up to the mark. Williams and Moore of the Columbias pulled their team through to victory, while between the two captains the honors were easy, 143 each. The Athletics, Pin Knights, Nassaus and Mutuals were well represented at the match, and were reinforced near the close of the game by a delegation from the Terpsichores. The time of playing was two hours and ten minutes, and appended is the score:

COLUMBIA.		EMPIRE.	
Woods	143	O'Neil	143
Moore	173	Conn	172
Smith	154	Wallace	180
Williams	159	Carty	108
Yeoman	128	McEvoy	141
Klune	149	Voss	173
Withers	139	Carroll	115
Kelly	126	Moran	106
Williams	169	Clark	107
Wilsey	149—1480	Danebaum	176—1452

NATIONAL BOWLING ASSOCIATION.

The semi-annual meeting of the above organization was held at the Germania Assembly Rooms March 3, and all clubs save the Mutuals were represented by delegates. At 9 P. M. the meeting was called to order by the president, Captain Conover, and, although there were eight on one side and seven on the other, it is a singular fact that the voting throughout the session was unanimous. After the minutes of the last meeting were read, and the reports of the different committees were handed in, which were fully agreed to, new business was in order, and the champion emblem for the present year provoked a triangular pleasantry on the part of the president, the suggestion of J. R. Schlick was finally agreed to, and the winning club of this year will gaze on a tenpin ball, regulation size, with two pins crossed, and all encased. There was a slight discussion on the inscription, in which Mr. Anderson had no objection as to what should or should not be, provided the following words were seen on it: "Pin Knights." President Conover made a few remarks on the propriety of the members being thoroughly posted in the rules and regulations of bowling as printed, which elicited a reply from Henry Groh, stating that a certain number of copies should be left with the different clubs "to spread around and make bowlers" by getting persons interested in the game. Mr. Schlick now took the floor, and made a speech on the prevention of clubs joining the Association, and advocated brotherly love and sociability among all respectable lovers of bowling, which sentiments received the approbation of all delegates present. Mr. Chas. Clack of the Nationals was then appointed on the Committee of Rules and Regulations in place of T. Moore, and a resolution was offered and approved that the regular yearly meeting of the Association be held at Kettler's on the first Saturday in September. The business of the evening wound up by the temporary secretary, I. Staples, reading an invitation from the Custer Club of New York to attend the formal opening of their new alleys, which was accepted, and a resolution offered and passed that the meeting now adjourn, and the delegates in one body would march on the stronghold of the Sioux slayers, which they did, and were captured.

CUSTERS vs. TERPSICHORES.

On the night of March 3 the Custers inaugurated their new alleys, 679 Broadway, by inviting the "Terps" to come and leave their scalps. The alleys was crowded by the friends of the hospitable hosts, which made one think of sultry weather, as the ventilation is not likely to assist in making healthy bowlers. The Terpsichores turned out the full team, captained by Charley Eisman, while the new aspirants for bowling honors were captained by Mr. Sabin. The game was closely contested, and the veterans began to think that the Custers were not raw recruits; and, having this idea, the captain of the Terpsichores was ever watchful over his men, who obeyed his instructions to the letter, for it would be a blotter on their record if the young Custers captured them. It was nip-and-tuck until the seventh frame, when the Custers spied the enemy in the shape of the delegates to the convention; then the old soldiers of the company deployed, and, after a little skirmishing, brought them into camp. But in the meantime the battle which was raging with the "Terps" was fought by the young men; and, when the old heads got back from their interview with the "Kaglebums," their opponents were too far advanced on the way to victory to be overcome, and they were beaten 45 pins. Some of the scores made, and which will be seen below, were immense; but the rural clubs will not be astonished when they learn that the alleys are infants in length and width, being not over 45 feet from the head-pin to where they deliver the ball. The score:

TERPSICHORES.		CUSTERS.	
Eisman	189	Sabin	161
Greenlee	191	Sielken	172
Schultz	137	Van Raden	130
Moulie	173	Mahnken	130
M. Schinhelm	152	Plummer	108
Mercur	142	Keim	168
J. Schinhelm	172	Waibel	211
J. Roll	189	Pelfi	235
S. Roll	205	Bruning	212
P. Roll	208—1758	Shults	126—171

THE ATHLETICS.—Since the arrival home from St. Louis of John R. Schlick, president of the club, the team have gone to work in earnest, practicing for their last regular game of the series, which will be played with Robert Orr's champion ten of the Nassaus. There is but one thing delaying this game, and that is the dilatory movements of those odd fellows the Mutuals; but, nevertheless, if practice will make the Athletics win, then there must be a certainty, for they are continually at it. In the betting the Nassau stock is still in the lead, and why it is so is a mystery, as the following score of the Athletics—coached by Conover and Baker—on Friday last, is far above the average:

STEELE'S SIDE.		MOLLER'S SIDE.	
Steele	202	W. Moller	186
Fredericks	180	Rhoades	176
Gerow	171	Bartlett	196
Schlick	152	Stewart	188
Conover	153	Fielding	148
Moller, Jr	172	Mitchell	173
F. Baker	152—1182	Smith	125—1192

THE NASSAUS.—On Feb. 26 the regular team of this club played a rattling practice-game, making a total score of 1,712. Arrangements are now being made whereby the grand contest will come off before long, and, with this in view, Captain Orr is keeping his men in steady practice, for his eye is on the emblem of the championship. The following is their last score:

R. Orr	162	J. Grum	175
C. Wilson	169	S. Baker	151
E. Church	208	G. Grum	190
J. Orr	185	F. Baker	149
G. Church	184	Mitchell	171—1712

THE SOUTH SIDES, though they have only been in existence for a short time, give promise of becoming experts in the art of bowling. At their last meeting, held on the alleys of the Broadway Club, the following score was made:

MOORE'S.		SMITH'S.	
Haffner	137	Stickmaster	140
Moore	192	Smith	202
Teitgens	167	Redfield	172
Piper	97	Shelton	151
Matthias	111	Shortler	160
John Rupert	135—839	B. Rupert	134—959

A MIXED TEAM.—The delegates from the Eastern District imitated their ancient sires in wisdom by making a call upon their old Empire friends in bills on the way towards the East. They divided into two teams of six each, captained by the president and vice-president of the N. B. A., and made the following remarkable score:

Schlick	205	Conover	203
Woods	198	Anderson	199
Staples	200	Clack	180
McAuslan	172	McArdell	150
Voss	197	Wilson	230
Newman	160—1132	Fink	163—1125

PRIZE BOWLING.—On Feb. 28 a series of valuable prizes were contended for at Wilhelmshohe, Baltimore County, Md., a large number of persons, each of whom was limited to three balls, participating with this result: First prize, a horse, carriage and harness, Ferd. Volkert; second, lady's watch, E. Hase; third, German hunting gun, John Uhl; fourth, watch, M. Schlitzberger; fifth, goat, George Philippps; sixth, most ten strikes, $10 in gold, M. Schlitzberger. L. Graf gave a prize of a box of cigars for the lowest game, which was awarded to A. Muller.

THE JOVIALS.—This jolly club has been organized one year, and on March 1, at their regular meeting at Kettler's, the following officers were elected: President, H. Snell; vice-president, G. Fitzsimmons; secretary and treasurer, J. Deitrick. After business was transacted bowling came in order, Mr. Snell making the good score of 248, and Mr. Fitzsimmons keeping close to him with 235. With only ten men—five on a side—they scored 661 and 703, making an individual average of 136 2-5.

GOLD MEDALS seem to be all the rage, for on March 3, at 157 Ewen street, Brooklyn, a new tournament, to last five days, was inaugurated, a report of which will appear in our next issue.

THE TURF.

RACEHORSES IN TRAINING NEAR NEW YORK.

The number of thoroughbreds in training for the coming racing campaign in the home section around New York far exceeds that of any previous year, for with every season owners of racing stables seem to increase their strings either by purchase or breeding. The same state of things appears to prevail in other States where the running turf flourishes, for this Spring we find close on 200 horses in training in the Kentucky; 80 in Tennessee; 120 in Texas, Louisiana, Alabama and Mississippi; 50 in Maryland; and 140 in New Jersey. At Jerome Park the busy note of training preparations is already heard, and the numerous stables which have made that place their Winter-quarters are actively engaged in getting their horses into steady, active work, the favorable weather which has lately prevailed greatly assisting them. Eph. Snediker has 14 in training—Rhadamanthus, Galway, Vigil, and Brother to Harry Bassett being the most distinguished among them. Messrs. Carr & Co.'s string comprises eight, under the training care of the veteran Ansel Williamson, the oldest man in the profession. The lot includes Viceroy and Rifle, own brothers respectively to Grinstead and Creedmoor; and Simoon and Ella Wootten, own sisters to Monmouth and Ginger. H. O. Bermond has seven in the charge of Harvey, among them Madge, Virginius, Brother to Willie Burke, and a full sister to Balankeel. Wallace Weldon has three—Love Chase, Coupon, and Wapentack; the latter, a promising three-year-old, by War Dance. Col. McDaniels has a string of seven there at present, and in a few days the entire Princeton stable will join them, bringing up the number to twenty-eight, one-half of which are two-year-olds, four of them by the Colonel's great idol, Harry Bassett. Big Sandy and Willie Burke head the list of five-year-olds; Princeton, Major Barker (full brother to Balankeel) and the Brother to Bannerette head the list of three-year-olds, and a two-year-old Brother to Bassett is among the juvenile division. The racing career of the Bassett two-year-olds will be regarded with interest by turfmen, for that great racehorse seems to possess all the essential qualities of a successful sire—size, power, symmetry, and splendid pedigree. George Sutcliffe has a string of three steeplechasers—Bullet, Resolute, and Risk—and the three-year-old Morphine by Eclipse out of Relief. David McCoun has Pappemaker and two others, and a few more days will witness the arrival of numerous stables. At the Nursery, near Babylon, L. I., Mr. Belmont has a powerful stable in training, in the hands of Jacob Pincus, numbering altogether nineteen head. The most distinguished of the lot are Oilitpas, Sullana, Bertram, Fidelstick, Patience, Hibernia and Susquehanna, while there are no fewer than five Kingfishers among the two-year-olds. George Lorillard has twenty in training at Islip, L. I., under the charge of Wyndham Walker; the two great ones being the magnificent five-year-old), Warlock, Idalia and Brother to Rhadamanthus heading the list. Pierre Lorillard's stable at Rancocus, N. J., under the training care of William Brown, numbers forty-three horses, of which twenty-three are two-year-olds. James A., Yaroll, Preston, Bonnie Doo-Doo, and Orion are among the best-performed lot. Mr. Withers has ten in training at Brookdale, N. J., under Barney Riley; among them Cyclone, Chamois, and six-two-year-olds. Charles Reed has nine at Monmouth Park, but the majority of them belong to the "cripple division." Case eight are at Jerome Park at the same place, Freebooter and Shylock heading the list. Ben Pryor has thirteen at Holmdell, N. J., among them St. Martin, Mettle, Faithless, and seven two-year-olds. Charles Lloyd has ten also at Holmdell. Fellowcraft, Acrobat and Reform being among them. With so many powerful stables in training in this vicinity, the racing season of 1877 should be unusually brilliant.

RACING AND TROTTING NOTES.—At a mile-heat running race for a purse of $300 over the Oakland Park Course, San Francisco, Cal., the winner, Cosmo, in the 5th, 6th and 7th heats, in 1:48¾, 1:48¾ and 1:49¾, beating Emma Skaggs, Target, and Ben Truman also ran, the latter being the favorite.....The trotting horse Gold Note, owned by M. D. Townsend of San Francisco, was last week sold for $875; a year ago he brought $6,000.....Daniel Swigert of Stockwood Stud Farm, Ky., has purchased the Eclipse mare Evangeline, from Mr. W. H. Fagley of Kansas for a broodmare.....Dunn Walton, who superintends the trotting at the Hippodrome this Winter, is to have a testimonial benefit there on March 8.....Several Boston and Philadelphia horses are announced to take part in the trotting contests on the occasion.....The famous trotting-mare Ristori, by Volunteer, has been purchased by Hon. Owen Fuller of Terre Haute, Ind., for $4,000.....The thoroughbred mare Achievement, who accompanied Goldsmith Maid in harness when the latter trotted in 2:14 over the Mystic Park, Boston, and who last season acted in a similar capacity to Smuggler in all his trots against time, recently foaled prematurely a pair of twin horse colts by the Hambletonian stallion Combination.....Woodbine, Woodflow and Guilderoy, Guelph, Can., shipped last week from this port for England eighteen high-class horses, all purchased in the neighborhood of Guelph.

THE ENGLISH JOCKEY CLUB.—The forthcoming general meeting of the English Jockey Club, to be held in April, promises to be one of unusual interest, on account of the new rule against French horses running on the English turf, which will then be brought forward. Lord Falmouth's motion contemplates the prohibition of foreign-bred horses running for any produce stakes or weight-for-age races in England (such as the Two and One Thousand Guineas, Derby, Oaks, St. Leger, Goodwood and Ascot Cups), unless such horses were bred in those countries which throw open their races on equal terms to British horses. Lord Hardwick's motion is that "no foreign horses shall run for any stakes in England without penalty money is given, unless by special conditions." This motion does not go to the length of Lord Falmouth's; for, as no added money is given in the great stakes above-named, foreign horses could run in them. A third motion, by Lord Vivian, goes the length of excluding them from all weight-for-age races whatever. All three motions are directed against French horses running in England.

ACCIDENTS AT THE HIPPODROME.—Recently several serious accidents have occurred in the trotting and hurdle-races at Gilmore's Garden to horses that were well known on the turf. Last week Myron Berry, the bay gelding owned formerly by the late Commodore Vanderbilt, sustained a severe injury to his right fore-leg by the fracturing of one of the small bones of the ankle while trotting in a race. The well-known racehorse Spindrift had his right fore-leg fractured by a fall in a hurdle-race, while running under the assumed name of Revenge, and a brilliant racing career was thus ignominiously terminated. The racehorse Pastor, by Narragansett, had his leg broken in a race here quite recently, and was obliged to be destroyed.

THE AMERICAN HORSES IN ENGLAND.—Mr. Sanford's stable of racehorses in England are represented as doing a good amount of work daily at Newmarket in their preparation for their Spring engagements. Mate has accepted the weight, 96lb. at which he is handicapped for the City and Suburban Handicap, one mile and a quarter, run for at Epsom on Tuesday, April 24; and Bay Final has cried "content" with the 96lb put on him for the Chester Cup, 2½ miles, run for on Wednesday, May 9. The first-named race has 88 acceptances, and the latter 60. Neither Mate nor Bay Final has been named in the betting quotations, and doubtless as long odds as 100 to 1 are obtainable about either or both of them.

A KENTUCKY TURFMAN'S ILL-LUCK.—A singular run of ill-luck has recently attended the betting-skills of the well-known Kentucky turfman Keene Richards of Georgetown. A short time ago he lost by death the broodmare Wagonette, by Wagner, and last week he sustained a severe loss in the death of two blooded yearlings of great promise—one by War Dance out of Lida Grissom, the other by Fyalstaff, the Arab out of Lida Grissom. Mr. B. G. Thomas of Lexington, Ky., has also lost his fine four-year-old filly Bonny Blink, by Enquirer, whose death resulted from injuries caused by running against a fence in her paddock.

MINSTREL AND RED COAT.—Minstrel, by Marsyas (sire of the Dandy Runner George Frederick), owned by Charles Reed, is now doing duty as a saddle-hack in Central Park. Red Coat, by Australian, dam Sallie by Lexington, who won the Citizens' Stakes at Lexington, and the Falls City Stakes at Louisville last year, has also been added to the same list as Minstrel, and for the same cause—ungovernable temper. He also belongs to Mr. Reed, and will be trained again for the turf this season.

FELLOWCRAFT.—This famous son of Australian and Aerolite, who, previous to Ten Broeck's unprecedented performance at Louisville, Ky., last September, had the fastest four-mile running record in the United States, arrived in this city from Kentucky on Tuesday last, en route to Holmdell, N. J., where he will again be put in training by Charles Lloyd, and be prepared for all the long-distance races in this section during the coming season.

TROTTING MATCH FOR $3,000.—Louis L. Lorillard of this city has matched his gray mare Belle of Toronto against Colonel Lawrence Kipp's brown mare Princess for $1,500 a side, $500 forfeit; the race to be mile heats, best three in five, in harness, and to be trotted at Fleetwood Park on Wednesday, June 6, 1877. Princess has a record of 2:31¼, and Belle of Toronto of 2:30. Betting at the clubs on this match is already heavy, and at even rates.

A SIX-HUNDRED-MILE RIDE.—The Mexican horseman Peralto, who tried and failed in his efforts to ride 305 miles at Fleetwood Park last Summer, intends to try and ride 600 miles in fifty consecutive hours at Gilmore's Garden, in this city, commencing on Monday evening next, March 12. To complete the journey, he will have to make 4 200 laps. A similar attempt was recently made in London, which proved a failure.

DEATH OF SUNDOWN.—This famous racehorse, foaled in 1865, by Uncle Vic, dam Sunny South by Irish Birdcatcher, owned by M. Grady, Warrensburg, Mo., died recently at his owner's residence. He won six races as three years old.

THE RACE between Occident and Bodine, originally fixed to take place at Sacramento, Cal., March 3, was postponed until the 9th, owing to rain.

THE TRIGGER.

THE IRISH CHALLENGE.

The Amateur Rifle Club of this city held a meeting on Thursday evening, March 1, for the purpose of taking action in reference to the invitation from the Irish Rifle Association to another international match, to be shot this year at Dollymount, Dublin. After some discussion Judge Gildersleeve, who thought the responsibility of accepting the challenge was rather more than any club should undertake single-handed, offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the invitation of the Irish Rifle Association to the Amateur Rifle Club to send a rifle-team to Ireland during the present year be referred to the Executive Committee under the following instructions, to report to the annual meeting in April; that the Executive Committee communicate with the known rifle clubs throughout the United States, and ask how many men, if any, each club will send to Ireland this year with a team organized by the Amateur Rifle Club of New York; answers to these communications to be made on or before March 30, the team to assemble at Creedmoor for practice and to choose a captain before sailing; each man to bear his own expenses, which is anticipated the club of which he is a member will provide to the amount of $500 gold to each man.

Subsequently the Executive Committee met and resolved to telegraph to Major Leech, asking whether the invitation was from the Irish Association to the Amateur R. C., or from Irish to American rifle-men.

LONG ISLAND GUN CLUB.—The regular monthly contest for the champion cup of this club took place at Dexter Park, on the Jamaica Plankroad, Feb. 28. The conditions were seven birds each, 25yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, and twenty-one contestants appeared; but of these only two shot at the allotted number of pigeons, Madison winning with a score of six killed to Gildersleeve's five. A sweepstakes, $2 each, three birds apiece, 25yds. rise, 80yds. fall, $14 to first, $8 to second, $6 to third, followed, Walters killing all and securing first money, Broadway and Appleyard tieing on two, then killing one each, in the shoot-off, and dividing second, the third going to Williams, who, in shooting off a tie on one, killed three in succession, as did Terrell; but Williams brought down another, and thereby got the best of Terrell.

THE AMERICAN RIFLE-TEAM held a meeting March 1, and passed resolutions favoring biennial competition for the Centennial trophy, now held by them, as likely to prove more satisfactory than either annual or triennial. The team decided, however, in view of the conditions now governing the contest for the trophy, to hold themselves in readiness to meet foreign riflemen in a match therefor.

WE HAVE A LETTER for Capt. A. H. Bogardus.

BILLIARDS.

EX-PRESIDENT GRANT'S TABLE.—As the late high public functionary goes out of office, his billiard-table will go out of the White House. It is a special piece of furniture, having been manufactured for the General in 1867 by Messrs. Phelan & Collender. Except that it is ornamented with national emblems, and bears the monogram "U. S. G.," it is almost a counterpart of the beveled (rails slanting most at the top, instead of the bottom) table exhibited by the firm at the Paris Exposition of 1867.

A. P. RUDOLPHE.—This noteworthy, who with Albert Garnier war to have given an exhibition in Washington on Inauguration Day, has had a receiver appointed at the billiard-room of which he is the nominal proprietor. In the course of the legal proceedings tending to a receivership it was developed that Rudolphe is an extremely exceptional man—nobody owes him a dollar.

SEXTON VS. SLOSSON.—Arriving in Memphis, Tenn., from New Orleans, on Feb. 24, Sexton and Slosson on the 26th gave an exhibition at Sidney Cooke's Peabody Billiard-hall, Sexton, with runs of 108 and 129 and an average of 15.6-33, winning a 500-point game by 286. It was on the card for them to start for Nashville March 2; Louisville, St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati and other Western cities to follow.

LOUIS SHAW.—This player writes, under date of Memphis, Tenn., March 2, that he has been giving exhibitions at the Chickasaw Billiard-rooms, and also making runs, against amateurs, of 263, 182, 175, and 146. Al. Hawkins of Indianapolis is also there, making it lively for the pinpool-players. Should Shaw not miscue, he goes from Memphis back to New Orleans, and thence to Havana, Cuba.

ENGLISH GAMES.—In London, Feb. 20, for $1,000, Taylor and Joseph Bennett played their second match (Taylor had won the first by 27 in 1,000), which Taylor also won by 27 in 1,000 ... At Manchester, on Feb. 15, for $1,000, W. Fielding beat James Moss by 217 in 1,000. A few weeks before, in a similar game, Fielding beat the brother of Moss.

THE UTICA TOURNAMENT.—Should Thomas J. Gallagher of Cleveland and Jacob Schaefer of this city enter into the proposed tourney in Utica, from which Sexton, Slosson and a few more are barred, there will be an interesting struggle for the first and second prizes. See the advvertisement elsewhere.

ROBERT HUNTER AND WILLIAM ROCKHILL, well-known Philadelphians, played a game of 200 points, French, on the evening of March 1, at Memorial Billiard Hall, Philadelphia. Hunter turned the first hundred ten points ahead, and ultimately won by a score of 200 to 132, his average being about 4⅓.

ONE THOUSAND TO TWENTY-NINE.—A Clinton (Ia.) correspondent writes: "Mr. John F. Doherty of Worcester, Mass., gave an exhibition at Central Hotel Feb. 24. He played against three of Clinton's best players, he scoring 1,000 points while they made 29. His best run was 128 points."

LOOK SHARP!—A raid has set in upon the metropolitan rooms, with the view of capturing billiard-balls. A room in Clinton place, Rudolphe s (not A. P.), at 162 Broadway, and Johnson's, in Vesey street, have all suffered within the past few days.

THE BILLIARD HALL No. 22 Third street, Troy, N. Y., can be rented after May 1 of E. S. Randall, who publishes particulars in our advertising department.

REHABILITATED.—Green's room, Philadelphia, inclusive of its fifteen tables, has been draped in green, anticipatory of St. Patrick's Day.

F. W. MCCHESNEY.—This whilom roomkeeper is said to have gone into business again in Orange, N. J.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Melvin Foster and John Bessinger.

HANDBALL.

SPORT AT CASEY'S.—On Thursday, March 1, there was a fair attendance of spectators at Casey's Court, in Brooklyn, on the occasion of the benefit given Hugh Judge of Philadelphia, now on the sick list. Seven games were played. The first was won in good style by Dunne's side, and the second by Casey's side, as also the third; but the fourth was won by Dunne, the latter finally winning. The score was as follows:

Dunne and McQuade	21	19	16	21	21—98
Casey and McEvoy	12	21	21	15	19—88

Referee, A. Henderson.

SPORT AT MCQUADE'S.—The Hugh Judge benefit day at McQuade's Court, in this city, on Feb. 28, was well attended, and those present saw some fine handball playing. Young Courtney of Brooklyn played against Arthur McQuade, Courtney being assisted by Grady, and Arthur by John Lenahan. The match was a short one, and was easily won by the Brooklyn side, Courtney showing masterly form in service and returns. He has learned to play the "points" of the game up to Phil Casey's high mark. By the way, Grady, Casey says, is willing to play Arthur McQuade for $50 a side.

PRIZE-SKATING.—A prize-tournament for the "Clun," "Hoover and Torrance" and "Hutton" medals was held at the skating-rink, St. John, N. B., Feb. 26, a large number of persons assembling to witness the display made by the four local experts entered—James Cumming, Twining Hartt, Howard Fritz and Alfred McDonald. The A. and T. and Hutton medals to Cumming, and the Club to Twining Hartt. Mrs. Scammell decorated the winners with their prizes. Judges: W. F. Bunting, W. W. Street and E. W. Gale. Referee, G. B. Hegan.

JAMES OWENS AND CHARLES H. MURPHY are to wrestle at Gilmore's Garden on Wednesday evening, March 7, collar and elbow holds, best three in five fair back falls. The gold and silver belt which is to reward the victor may be seen at the Astor House to-day.

A SPANISH GIRL'S LOVE, we are told, is a matter of simple honor with them—brave, loving, generous, passionate creatures as they are—never

THE WILD MAN EXPLAINS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I'm the wild man from Australia
What travels with the show,
And there's something which I wishes
The public far to know,
For I find that certain parties
Have said things that wasn't so.

These here parties which I mention
Would have it understood:
That my mother's name was Williams,
And my father's name was Wood—
That they lived not in Australia,
But in this here neighborhood.

Which the same has been reported
By such as lent a hand
In seeking for to injure
My name throughout the land;
Not unfrequently affirming
That I kept a peanut-stand

Before I played the wild man,
And that the Jersey shore
Is the only foreign country
I've seen; and furthermore,
That my wildness came from dwelling
In the ward that's numbered four.

Which I here pronounce a slander,
And desire for to speak
As regards another matter
Which occurred the other week,
And which offers an example
Of unprecedented cheek.

The beautiful Albino,
Of which the blower talks,
She was painting of her eyelids,
When up to me she walks—
As has frequent been her habit,
While her sandy hair she chalks—

And says she to me quite pleasant
(There were no spectators by),
Says she to me: "Say, Cully,
Will you stain this other eye?"
At which I took the paint-brush,
Quite willing to comply.

And, there being no one present
Except the skeleton,
I kissed the fair Albino
When the eyelid I had done;
At the which she said she liked it,
And took another one.

Now, because of this proceeding
I am thrown into disgrace,
For that painted-eyed Albino
Has had the brazen face
To make me the defendant
In a breach-of-promise case!

And I hope this explanation
Will be read and understood,
For the facts I have recorded,
As unvarnished as I could,
In the case of Bridget Foley
Versus William Hiram Wood?

V. B.

BOSTON TOM;

OR,

THE STORY OF A CONVICT.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MISSING LINK.

It had been easy for Helen Elwood to find Ruth Warneford; for, happily, the people with whom George Warneford had once lodged were still in the same house, and knew whither the child had been taken. Also the position of the place suited them better than any other could have done; for they were near the docks, and it was at the docks—either of London or Liverpool—that they hoped to find some clue to the men of whom they were in search. Where mercantile Jack mostly met his way, there Ben Croll told them they would some day or other light on one of the mutineers of the Lucy Derrick. "Granted," he said, "that they got safe ashore—which isn't likely for a set of drunken swabs—they would make for the diggins; and, after a spell there, get back, one by one, to the port of Melbourne, and so on board again, and make their way home London." It was a slender chance, but it was their only one; and so Old Ben went down regularly every day, and hung about, boarding the ships as they came in, and stepping forward for a look round; but he never found any of the Lucy Derrick men. When Ben was not hanging round the St. Catherine, the Victoria, or the London Docks, he was to be met with in the neighborhood of Limehouse, Stepney, or Poplar, and in the evening he would be seen as far a-field as Ratcliff-highway, always going round with his cake of tobacco in one hand and his knife in the other, whittling away, and looking about with his mild, blue eyes to see how they got along on board without him. On board the ship he always asked after a roll of names, which he carried in his pocket, but knew by heart. The list ended with the name of Boston Tom. Some of the men were known, but they had not been seen or heard of for years; but no one knew anything of Boston Tom.

One day, as Ben was cheapening a bandanna in the High street of Whitechapel—the part of London where that costly article can be most readily obtained—there passed him a long, lean and slouching lad of sixteen. The boy was going slowly, with eyes bent upon the ground. Ben dropped the bandanna, and seized Rupert, who generally accompanied him in these excursions, by the arm.

"Now, my lad, if you want to do a good turn for Miss Warneford, you've got a chance. Step behind and follow me. I know that boy, and he won't likely tell me what I want. If I leave him, you follow him quietly. Find out where he goes, and where he lives. Don't let him out of your sight for a moment, and if it's a week go after him; and you stop with him."

"Aye, aye," said the mercantile aspirant; "I understand."

"Got any money?" asked Ben.

"How should I have any?" returned Rupert the penniless. "Did I ever have a shilling in my whole life?"

"Five shillings will do," meditated the sailor. "There would be suspicion if it was more. You follow him up, and stand drinks to the extent of that five shillings; and find out somehow—without asking, you know—where Boston Tom may be. 'Boston Tom,' mind—that's the name you got to follow. That's the important thing. Now, drop behind and watch."

The old man hurried after the youth, who was now a dozen yards ahead, and, catching up with him, put his hand upon his arm, holding that limb tight.

"Ship-boy of the Lucy Derrick, Dan'l Mizen, I've lighted on you at last."

The lad turned ashy pale, and tried to drag his arm away.

"You—Mr. Croil—O Lord!"

"Aye, my lad; and glad to set eyes upon you again. No, Dan'l Mizen, you don't get away from me. See that Bobby over the way? I've only got to call him; and it's murder on the high seas."

"Oh, don't, Mr. Croil!" he whispered; "don't talk in such a awful way as that. I'll do right by you this time. I was; and I give you information, I did."

"You did; and what I always says to myself is this: 'Young Dan'l,' says I, 'give that information, and it come in handy. When the trial comes on, if I'm there I shall up and let 'em know that the information was given, and how handy it come in. Now, you mark my words, Dan'l, if I'm there, no, why, then, o' course you'll have to swing with the rest.'"

"The rest!" echoed Mr. Mizen with a half laugh. "There aint any rest."

"What! All gone but you?"

"All gone but me and Bost— and one other of the ship's."

"Swear to that, boy; and if you tell me lies I'll rope's-end you till you'll wish you'd never been aboard any ship in all your life, that blue you'll be all over."

The boy, whose face showed him to be what he really was—the most arrant cur and coward in existence—burst out blusterously:

"Rope's-end me, will you, Mr. Croil? Wait till you try that game on."

"Aye, will I! And I'll begin on the spot if you jaw me. Why, you dirty, measly —— There, go on with your story. All the pirates is drowned, then? Pity, too."

"I'll tell you all the truth, Mr. Croil—s'help me, I will. We lost in the fight—that is, the pirates and mutineers lost—eight men in all out of five-and-twenty; that left seventeen, and six of them were wounded; that left eleven. Well, they used me orful, they did, all your latherins, Mr. Croil, was pancakes and plum-duff compared to the latherins they laid on me and Bost from them devilish murderers. Things went bad with the navigation, too, and they couldn't keep her no course nohow."

"Lubbers all!" said Ben. "Go on, my boy; steer as truthful as you know."

"Then we got weather; and then, you see, we had to take to the boats. There was two boats, but one stove in; then there was only one left. We hadn't time for any provisions, and after the fifth day they began to eat each other. Gawspel truth, Mr. Croil!"

"Served 'em right! Worse than being hanged. But I'd rather ha' hanged them."

"Last, there was only left four of us."

"One of them four was Boston Tom?" said Ben.

The boy hesitated.

"Well, one was—I remember now—one was; but he was nearly dead when we were picked up; and he was one of them two that died two days afterward."

"That's a lie," thought Ben, but he said nothing. "So, now only two are left?" he asked after a pause. "Who may the other be?"

"He was Maltese Dick, Mr. Croil," the boy replied very quickly—"him with the black hair and the arm tatooed all over; and where he's gone I don't know, and can't tell you."

"Aye, aye! And where do you live now, you Mizen boy?"

"I've left the seafaring trade, sir. I'm just come up to London to look round like; got no home to go to yet."

There was a malicious twinkle in the young man's eye as he spoke. Ben looked up quietly—he still held him by the arm—and watched him.

"Then you don't live anywhere handy about here?"

"Laws, no, Mr. Croil. Certainly not, not by no means. Whatever made you go for to think that I would live about here?"

They passed at that moment a low sort of lodging-house and sailors' tavern, with a bill in the window: "Lodgings for Single Men and Mariners."

Unless Ben Croil was grievously deceived, the lady at the door of this hostelry made a sign of recognition as the lad passed.

"So," Ben thought, "that's the crib, and that's where Boston Tom is to be heard of."

"Well, Dan'l Mizen," he said aloud, "you'll find me most days down at the Docks. You mind, come to see me, and no harm shall happen to you; you forget to come, and as sure as my name's Ben Croil you'll swing for your share of the Luey Derrick mutiny. Swing is the word, Dan'l Mizen!"

He made mental note of the house and number, and turned back.

Mr. Mizen looked after him with a countenance full of perplexity and dismay; and, after first scratching his tousled head, and then shaking it ruefully, pursued his own way in the opposite direction with a dejected, not to say a hangdog, expression in his very shoes. Presently there passed him a lad of about his own age, dressed in blue flannel, and looking—although the flannel was shabby—a gentleman. He had long legs and a springy walk. As he went along—sometimes a little ahead and sometimes a little behind Mr. Mizen—he stopped occasionally and looked about him, as if in search of something. Mr. Dan'l Mizen contemplated this waif—a gift of Providence, evidently fallen quite into his hands—for a quarter of an hour or so; and then, Mr. Croil being well out of sight, he shouldered up to the stranger, and jerked out, looking the other way:

"Lost your bearin', mate?"

"That is it," replied the stranger; "lost my bearin'. I was told by a party in the country that I was to come to a house in the Whitechapel-road—but I've forgotten the number—where they'd take me in and do for me and find me a ship."

"That's lucky, now," said Mr. Mizen. "Why, I'll take you to the very place, and it's close by; you come along o' me."

Daniel Mizen led the way. Oddly enough, his steps took him to exactly the very house where Ben Croil had noticed the lady at the door, and had remarked, besides, that she seemed to know his young companion. It was indeed the truth that the ex-ship boy lived in this place of resort. How he lived, on what honest industry, or by the exercise of what native wit, was not immediately apparent.

He conducted Rupert to the door and introduced him to the landlady—a woman with a red face, and dressed in a cotton gown, looped up so as to show a rich amplitude of petticoat beneath. She stood, with arms akimbo, contemplating human nature as it passed with eyes of hungry defiance. Men and women walked along, children ran by, but they were not her prey. Of all kinds and conditions of men, Mother Flanagan—not an Irish woman by birth, although of illustrious Irish descent—loved a sailor, and especially him of the mercantile marine. She extended her affection beyond the narrow limits of party and country, embracing in one comprehensive sweep and gathering to her breast Englishmen, American, negro, Lascar, Malay, Greek, German or Norwegian. All alike were dear to her, and she was dear to them—in the long run—very dear. She housed her favorites; she provided them with food, society, amusement, drink; and when they left her hospitable house, it was, the censorious said, with empty pockets and with "copper" so hot that it took a week of sea-breezes and compulsory temperance to cool them.

"Yes, I can take him," said Mrs. Flanagan, "if the young gentleman will pay a deposit."

"I've got five shillings," said Rupert.

"Hand it over," said Mrs. Flanagan.

"Mrs. Flanagan," called a voice from the inside room, "send that boy here, five shillings and all."

The voice was hoarse and strained; it was followed by a chest cough which lasted long enough to tear the patient to pieces, and was also followed—a thing which was quite natural in that horrible den—by a volley of oaths.

Rupert Lemire thought himself in very queer company, but he reflected that they would not probably murder him for the sake of five shillings; and he obeyed the invitation to enter the room. By the fire, in a low room reeking with tobacco, there sat in an arm-chair a man of singular appearance. He was decorated with a scar on the right side of his mouth, which made it look as if it had been twisted up on that side. He had bright black eyes, very close together, and a long, receding forehead; his face was smooth and hairless, and his cheeks were hollow and sunken. His empty pipe lay beside him on a table, which was also graced by a half-emptied glass of rum and water.

"Come in, youngster. What's your name? Where do you hail from? What do you want? Now, then!"

Rupert thought of the initials on his handkerchief.

"My name is Robert Lumley," he replied with a little hesitation, taking a name which belonged to the family butcher—an importunate person, who was always bringing sorrow upon the household by demanding payment. I came from—from—Manchester, and I want to go to sea."

"How much money have you got?"

"Five shillings."

"Give it to me to keep for you. I live here. This house belongs to me, not to Mrs. Flanagan. I'll take care of your money for you. I hope it's honestly come by. We're very particular in this house, aint us, Dan'l Mizen?"

Daniel made no reply.

"And if we can't get you a ship all at a day's notice, young shaver, I suppose you could find some more money for putting of it, couldn't you? Guess you'd better come to me for advice. Five shillings, you see, won't go far. Two days or thereabouts, if you don't drink. To be sure, there's the long-shore clothes; you can make a good swap out of them, and nick a trifle into the bargain."

He had another fit of coughing, followed by another volley of oaths. Then he produced a game of cards, and they sat down to a friendly game of all-fours, in which Mr. Mizen took a hand. Rupert was not astonished when, after half an hour or so, he was informed by the man with the cough that he had lost all his money.

"Five shillings," said the host, jingling the two half-crowns. "It's a trifle; but, there, it's something to pass the time. Young fellow, you've cleaned yourself out pretty sharp, you have. You'd better write that letter for more money at once; nothing like coming to the point. You, Dan'l Mizen, go and fetch the ink, and some paper. S'pose you've got a father?"

"Yes."

"And a mother? Yes? That's good. I like a mother. We'll pitch it strong. You just write what I tell you, and nothin' else."

The paper having been brought, Mr. Pringle—for this, Rupert had learnt in the course of the game, was the gentleman's name—proceeded to dictate:

"'My beloved parents, I got stuck down.' 'Beloved and justly offended.' No; easy a bit. Let me think. Now, then: 'My beloved parents, I made my way up to London after leaving home, and arrived here yesterday. I am deeply sorry for the trouble that I have caused you in running away, which I intended for to go to sea; but am now fully persuaded of the folly of such a course, which will go back hoss to what you please. I am staying with truly Christian people, and have spent my all. If it were not for their charity, I should now be starving. I owe them two pounds already, and shall want three more to get my clothes out of pawn, which I am in rags, and to get home again—third-class parliamentary, which is cheaper than first or second. So please send me a post-office order for five pounds, payable to Thomas Pringle, at the Whitechapel Post-office, the same to be called for. Your affectionate son, Robert Lumley.'"

This was Mr. Pringle's dictation. The following, however, is what Rupert Lumley really wrote:

DEAR OLD BEN,—I'm in the queerest crib. They've robbed me of my five shillings, and a fellow here thinks I'm writing for five pounds more to my parents in Manchester. Who's a game? My address is 1,344a High street, White Chapel, and my name is Robert Lumley, but you must not write to me. The name of the proprietor of the crib is Thomas Pringle. He is a cut-throat-looking villain, and I'm afraid a bad character, and two eyes close together. If he had any hair on his face, he would be like a wolf. I like the fun. Yours ever. R. L.

"Lord bless you, Baldy, I'll start such a museum as was never seen before."

Which the same he did.

Beggs was the most ingenious man I ever knew. When he had once got the idea of a museum into his head, it seemed as though everything he possessed, down to the little five-year-old Beggs, had been designed by nature expressly for a curiosity. He set himself to work to furnish the scenes in the Inquisition. He took his other suit of clothes—they could not properly be called his old clothes, because they were just about as good as the ones he wore, and he tossed up a cent, I remember, to decide which he should use—he took his other suit, I say, and stuffed it with straw, so as to represent the body of a man. Then he took one of the blocks which his wife had used to display bonnets on when she followed the milliner's trade, and gave it a nose, mouth, and pair of eyes. This served for the head of the figure. Out of some old lumber he made a sort of pillory, and put the dummy's neck and arms through three separate holes. That completed the Inquisition business.

"What do you think of it, Baldy?" says he to me when the job was finished.

"Well," says I. "I'm not up on that sort of thing, but I had an idea that the Inquisition was a little rougher than that."

"You mean I ought to put him to more torture? Maybe you're right." And then, after eyeing the stuffed figure thoughtfully for a minute, he added: "I have it! I'll drive a couple of nails into his eyes and paint 'em red, as if they were heated!"

This was accordingly done, and added amazingly to the effect of the scene. Afterwards, when the museum had fairly got under way, Beggs introduced an axe, stained with beef-gore, which he found, to tell the people had cut off not less than forty heads during the Inquisition. The only trouble was that Silas, Beggs' oldest boy, was accustomed to use this axe to split kindling-wood with, which was apt to rub off the blood. That, however, was of little consequence; but an inquisitive fellow who was examining the axe closely one day found, stamped on the face, the words "North Adams Manufacturing Co., Mass.," and that floored even Beggs.

Having satisfactorily fixed the scenes in the Inquisition, Beggs got hold of a stuffed snake, an old chest, which he told the people was the first article which the Pilgrims removed from the Mayflower, the skeleton of a horse, a cow's horn, and a straw pillow. The bones of the horse were announced by Beggs to be those of a mysterious animal who lived wholly on human flesh; the horn, he said, grew on the head of a sacred bull in the East, while the pillow was gravely represented to be the identical one on which Abraham Lincoln died. When we got into the Southern States, however, Beggs substituted General Lee for the martyred President.

"These will do for the inanimate objects," said he, surveying the collection with a good deal of satisfaction. "Now for the animate—the living curiosities, you know. We must be strong there. Come around to the house this evening, Baldy, and we'll talk it over."

Accordingly, that night I called upon Beggs at his home, which was not a very high-toned kind of abode. His wife was there, so were his three children—Susan, Silas and Chunk. The first of these was a young lady of eighteen, with a sort of mealy face and a very shrill voice. She had a way of beginning all her sentences with a "Say," which came out with such an unexpected jerk that it was apt to frighten a man not intimately acquainted with her. Silas, who was a year younger than his sister, had a large mouth, out of which came a good deal more than had ever gone in. Silas was chiefly remarkable for his appetite and for his stock of slang phrases, which the same he had partly inherited and partly picked up from me. Chunk, whose Christian name I believe he had never heard—Beggs said that it was Obediah, but his wife declared it was Alferny Augustus—was five years old, exceedingly fat and dirty, and with no apparent interest in life beyond bread and molasses. These were the "kids," as Beggs called them. As for Mrs. Beggs, although she had been married twenty years, she still had about her the flavor of a milliner. The angles of her figure were so sharp that they always reminded me of one of those wire frames which they use in dry-goods stores. I never could get rid of the fancy out of my head that, if I were to pinch her, I would discover needles in all parts of her body, as one is apt to find them in old pincushions. Nevertheless, Mrs. Beggs was an affectionate wife, an indulgent mother, and in all respects a most worthy woman.

The question which Beggs immediately introduced upon my arrival was that of the animate curiosities for the museum.

"Now, I've been thinking," said he, "that all of us can do something towards making the show a success. Chunk, there, will do for the dwarf. We'll get him a wig and some whiskers, touch up the lines in his face with a little paint, and dress him in a tail-coat. Commodore Chunk, aged twenty-seven, height thirty inches, weight forty pounds. How does that sound?"

There was a general expression of approval, in which all joined except Chunk himself.

"As for Silas," continued Beggs, fixing his eye upon that interesting youth, "I think nature designed him for a blower."

"What yer givin' us?" demanded Silas, in doubt whether to accept his father's remark as a compliment or otherwise.

"I repeat, Silas will do for a blower," said Beggs, paying no heed to the interruption. "He's got the mouth for the blowing for it, and a conscience that won't trouble him. As for you, Susan, it strikes me that you'll make a first-class Albino girl—pink hair, white eyes, or pink eyes and white hair, whichever it is. Either way, you can fill the bill!"

"Say," interposed Susan, "if I'm to be an Albino girl you'll have to get me some other dress besides this. All the Albinos I ever seen was rigged out in velvets and silks."

"Calm yourself, Susan," said her father. "The Albino ladies have introduced a new style of dress recently. They don't wear silks and velvets any more. That gown that you've got on is just the cheese. Now, Maria," continued Beggs, turning to his wife, "the best card which can be made of you is a colored woman one hundred and thirteen years old!"

"That's a very nice card, as you call it, that is!" returned Mrs. Beggs somewhat indignant. "Why don't you make it a hundred and ninety years old while you're about it?"

"Because, my dear," answered Beggs impressively, "we must be reasonable in all things. Women have actually lived to be a hundred and thirteen, but not a hundred and ninety. We should not deceive the public. Now, besides the inanimate curiosities, we've got a dwarf, an Albino, a blower and a centenarian. The only thing lacking is a wild man. Baldy, what do you say to becoming the wild man? You're just fitted for that biz!"

"If there's any money to be made in it," says I modestly, "I'm willing to take up with the snap, although it's not to my liking."

So Beggs' museum was made up, and a week later we were on the road.

We exhibited in unoccupied stores, remaining from one to three weeks in a town, according to the business done. Beggs had not overrated Silas as a blower, for the young man displayed talent in that direction which was surprising. The wonders of the museum were fully explained inside by Beggs himself, whose stories must have astonished the people more than anything contained in the show.

"This is Commodore Chunk," he would say, when the youngest of the Beggs family had been mounted upon a table. "He was twenty-seven years of age on the tenth of last March. Born in Charleston, South Carolina, he weighed at the time of his birth only three pounds and two ounces. He is the most remarkable specimen of diminutive humanity which the world has ever seen. This is the beautiful Albino maiden"—here Chunk would retire, and Miss Susan would come forward—"the only genuine Albino ever seen. You will observe that her eyes are pink and her hair white—a most singular freak of nature."

The spectators having admired Miss Susan, Beggs would next call attention to his wife, who, with her face blackened and with a white wool wig on her head, represented the oldest woman ever seen.

"It is impossible to state precisely what her age is," Beggs would say, "but she is at least one hundred and thirteen years old. Her father was an Indian Sagamore, ladies and gentlemen, this same colored woman whom you see before you was considered the oldest inhabitant of the town where she lived. She was a slave in the household of the late George Washington, the Father of his Country; that I can give you my word for. But whether, as is maintained by some, she nursed Washington when a babe, I cannot say. Her memory is somewhat impaired, and little or no reliance is to be placed on what she says. Nevertheless, it is certain that she is the oldest person now living on the face of the globe, and to look upon her is alone worth ten times the price which you have paid for admission."

Beggs would next pass over to the corner of the store where I was stationed, to make up as the wild man of Patagonia consisted of a wig with hair falling over my shoulders, a pair of buckskin breeches reaching to the knee, a red flannel shirt, and plenty of burnt-cork and paint on my face. I certainly looked wild enough to have come from Patagonia. My appearance called forth numerous exclamations of wonder, which were increased as Beggs proceeded to explain what manner of creature I was.

"This, ladies and gentlemen," he would begin by saying, "is beyond doubt the greatest curiosity ever exhibited to the public. You see before you the original and only wild man of Patagonia. He was captured two years ago by a party of explorers, seven of whom he killed before being finally subdued. It is supposed that he is a specimen of a tribe hitherto unknown to the scientist or historian. When I first obtained possession of him for my museum—which I did at an expense of seven thousand five hundred dollars—he ate nothing but raw meat and hickory-nuts—shells and all. I have taught him to eat cooked meat since then, and he has also learned to smoke. He is still very ferocious, however; and, were it not for this heavy iron grating, he might spring forth at any moment and devour every man and woman in the room. You will please not stand too near the cage!"

While Beggs was thus enlightening the public with regard to my history, I kept up a continual growl, such as a wild man might be expected to indulge in, at the same time rolling my eyes savagely, all of which had its effect upon the spectators. It was pretty monotonous sort of work; but I managed to pass the time by reading, smoking, and watching the people who came into the museum. Moreover, I was comforted with the reflection that the show was doing a big business, and my share of the receipts compensated for a good deal that was unpleasant.

When Sunday came round, the living curiosities in Beggs' Museum resolved themselves into their natural shapes and characters. Susan washed the pink from her eyes, and ceased to be an Albino; Chunk laid aside his twenty-seven years along with his wig, and paid his devotions to bread and molasses; Mrs. Beggs, with the burnt-cork washed from her face, disclaimed any personal acquaintanceship with General Washington; and as for the wild man of Patagonia, he exchanged the buckskin breeches and red-flannel shirt for a plaid suit of clothes, fashionable in cut, if somewhat cheap in material. It was on a Sunday that I met with the little adventure which I am about to relate, and which led to Baldy's marriage.

We were showing in Roxville, a small town not far from Kansas City, and it was in the early part of March. During Sunday, I had dressed myself up in good style, and was walking along the main street while the people were coming from church. The sidewalk was mighty slippery, and it took about all that a man could do to keep his feet. I may say that it took more than a young woman could do, who was walking ahead of me, and who lost her footing just as she was about to turn the corner. She fell all in a heap, and, as I was the nearest to her of anyone, I helped her up. Then I says politely:

"I hope you aint hurt, miss?"

I hadn't more than got the words out of my mouth before I went down myself. It was embarrassing to a considerable extent.

"I hope *you* aint hurt!" says the young woman with a merry laugh.

I got on to my feet as quick as I could, and then we both stood and looked at each other a little sheepishly.

"I'm sorry you fell," said she, still laughing.

"Oh, that's nothing," said I. "Will you let me help you along this slippery place?"

I discovered that she was a very pretty girl, with a healthful flush to her face, and a pair of the brightest eyes I had ever seen. The rules of etiquette in Roxville were not very stringent, and neither of us seemed to think that the formality of an introduction was necessary to a casual acquaintance. I walked with her, not only along the slippery place, but for a considerable distance farther, and we chatted as pleasantly as though we had been old friends.

"I should like to know your name," said I when we halted at last before a comfortable-looking farmhouse.

"My name is Martha," she answered—"Martha Mason."

"That's a good name," said I. "Mine is Baldwin, but I'm generally called Baldy."

"You don't live in Roxville, do you?"

"No," said I, "not all the time. I'm living here just now, however. I belong to the museum that's going to open on Main street to-morrow."

"Do you? Jiminy cracky! How I'd like to go to that."

At which I immediately pulled out some tickets for the show, and handed her half a dozen.

"Come around," I said; "I'll be glad to see you."

And with that we separated.

The next day, along in the middle of the afternoon, and just as Beggs had begun his lecture on the wild man of Patagonia, I saw Miss Martha enter the museum. It struck me that I had been very foolish to invite her to come. My appearance wasn't such as to strengthen the favorable impression which I fancied I had made the day before, and I feared that she might recognize me, and thus injure business. But she didn't. She looked me all over with awe and wonder, swallowing every word that Beggs uttered as gospel truth. It was the first show of any kind that she had ever attended, and she enjoyed it amazingly. By the time she had satisfied her curiosity it was fully six o'clock, and Silas had lighted the lamps for the evening performance.

All the other spectators had gone, and, as Miss Martha came up to take one more look at the wild man of Patagonia, I couldn't resist the temptation of turning upon her suddenly and saying:

"How are you to-day, Miss Mason?"

She gave a little scream, and started back towards the Inquisition dummy. Her fright was so honest that I felt really sorry I had spoken at all. Having done so, however, I concluded that I ought to explain matters, and so said:

"Don't be afraid. It's only me—Baldy, you know, who gave you the tickets."

"Jiminy cracky! Be you the wild man?"

"The same," says I. "I won't hurt you."

Her face lighted up with a pleasant smile, and, coming close up to the front of the cage, she said:

"Oh, I know *you* won't hurt me! I was looking all around for you, and wondering where you were. How funny it is! You aint wild a bit, be you?"

"Not a bit," says I.

"And you didn't kill those seven men in Patagonia?"

"Not to my knowledge," I answered.

"I kind a-thought you didn't look so savage," said she with another merry little laugh.

"No, I aint savage outside of the show," I explained. "But you mustn't tell anybody about this. It would bu'st up the museum if you did."

"I won't say a word to a living soul!" was her answer. And then, with the promise that she would come again on the morrow, she left.

She did come again, not only the next day, but every day that the museum remained in Roxville, which was two weeks. Before the expiration of that time I awoke to a feeling which was entirely new to me—which may be said to have been entirely foreign to the nature of a wild man from Patagonia. I was struck on Martha. In the phraseology of the profession, she had "mashed" me. I didn't lose any unnecessary time in making the fact known to her, either. From the conversation we had held, in and out of the show, I learned that she lived with a maiden aunt, who was the nearest relative she had, and who didn't waste any affection on her niece.

"All she thinks about," said Martha to me on the fourth day of our acquaintance, when I had accompanied her home, at the conclusion of the evening performance—"all she thinks about is my getting married!"

"Then why not get married?" says I.

"Who'll I marry?" says she.

"Me!" says I.

And that settled the whole business.

Sudden? Yes; but what was the use of skirmishing round for a year or two? We were both satisfied, and the sooner we could get joined the better it would suit us both. I announced the fact of my engagement at the museum the next day, and it was received with various expressions of surprise.

"Maybe you can get her to go in as the wild woman of Patagonia," suggested Beggs.

"Seems to me that Baldy might have done better without going so far away from home," remarked Mrs. Beggs with a significant glance towards Susan.

"Say," ejaculated the shrill-voiced Albino, "how old is she?"

"To think of a sardine like Baldy making a mash!" observed Silas.

I paid no heed to these comments, only I gave Beggs to understand that when Martha became Mrs. Baldwin she wasn't going to do any wild-woman business.

Between the time of our engagement and marriage, a period of nine days, Martha used to come around to the museum every day. When there were no other spectators present we made love to each other through the bars; and, while Beggs was delivering his lecture, Martha would stand behind the Inquisition dummy and exchange soft glances with the wild man of Patagonia.

It was decided, rather from necessity than choice, that we should be married on Sunday. The museum was to open in Kansas City the next day; but I had made arrangements with Beggs to dispense with his wild man for one day, in order that I might properly celebrate my wedding. The minister whom Martha recommended to perform the ceremony—my own religious views were of such a liberal nature that I had no choice in the matter of clergymen—was a young fellow, with a smooth face and long hair, who wore a white cravat and talked like a dictionary. When Martha and I got into the house and were seated on the sofa, I felt a good deal more flustered than I remember to have felt before. I managed to make the minister understand what was wanted, and, after talking to us about everything on the face of the earth, he finally told us to stand up, and proceeded to pronounce the words that made us man and wife. Then he shook hands with me and kissed Martha, and I thought the job was at an end. But it wasn't.

"I suppose," said he, "you would like a certificate?"

"Yes," answered Martha, "I would."

"What did I understand your name to be?" says he, addressing me.

Being still flustered, I replied:

"Baldy."

Martha nudged me with her elbow, and said:

"No, it aint. It's Baldwin!"

"Exactly," says I. "John Baldwin."

"And your business?" continued the minister.

"Straight, as a general thing," says I; "but I've got a sort of side-snap at present."

He looked up, considerably puzzled, and I got another vigorous nudge from Martha's elbow.

"I don't quite understand you," says the minister. "I want to know what your occupation is—what you do for a living."

I was getting more and more muddled, and didn't better matters much by saying:

"Well, just now I'm doing the wild man of Patagonia, but ——"

"He's a showman," interrupted Martha. "That's his business."

This seemed to satisfy the minister, and I managed to answer the rest of his questions without any difficulty. But when it came to leaving I got into a fresh box. I wanted to pay him something for his work, but didn't know what would be a fair sum. So I sort of held back, when Martha stepped into the hall and said in a whisper:

"What—what's the tax?"

"The which?" says Baldy.

"The tax—the figure?" says I.

It was plain that he didn't understand what I meant, and so I put it directly:

"How much do you charge?"

"Oh, whatever a man feels disposed to give," he answered with a smile.

"A couple of cases?" says I a little doubtfully.

"Y-e-s," says he more doubtfully.

So I slipped a two-dollar note into his hand, and Martha and I took our departure.

Notwithstanding the slight embarrassment I suffered at the minister's house, I have never regretted going there. And to this day I look with favor upon slippery places, and smile when I say to Martha:

"That tumble of yours was a blessing, after all—wasn't it, my dear?"

And she smiles back as she answers:

"Yes, Baldy. That's WHAT BROKE THE ICE!"

AT THE BALL.—"THE FIRST SET."

"Mamma says the young men of the present day are not to be compared to the old ones."

"And you say?" ——

"Oh, I agree with mamma."

[Mister Man is in doubt as to whether he rightly understands it.]

WITHERED FLOWERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

And is this all unto me left?
A heap of withered flowers,
Which, like the Spring-shine, softly cleft
The idle morning hours.

You gathered this a year ago—
Each leaf is crisp and sere;
This other bloomed amid the glow
Of merry May last year.

Their perfume woke a thrill of trust,
I kissed each timid bloom;
But now they're nothing but a heap of dust,
Each kiss is in its tomb.

And yet a pulse incarnate thrills
Within each soulless flower,
Dearer than all the life which fills
My own rose-garden bower.

The first as fresh as early dawn
Seems to each passioned sense—
The long, long Winter laid thereon
Kills not those sweets intense.

The other over Winter grows,
'Tis doubly dear and sweet;
It peeped above the death-like snows,
Will ripen while it sheds.

It, too, is dead: and yet the shine
Of Summer and of love
Floods, like the flow of sparkling wine,
Each thirsting sense above.

The Spring has gone, yet all its works
Not given to decay
Will ripen while the Summer lurks,
Enduring life's full day.

Something besides these withered flowers
Will be life's blooming crown,
To last beyond the Summer hours,
And through the Winter's frown.

ALICE GIRARD.

WHAT BROKE THE ICE:

EXPLAINING HOW BALDY GOT MARRIED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY EMAC CROOK.

Being intimately acquainted with the facts in the case, I desire to give a truthful account of the manner in which Baldy got married.

You see, Beggs was broke. If it hadn't been for that, he would have started his show. Being busted, and being likewise of an inventive turn of mind, he says to me one day, says he:

"Baldy, I have parted with my last case. I have a wife and three children dependent upon me for support. I have no rich relations except my uncle, and I have called upon them for assistance so many times that I feel delicate about doing so again—especially as all the household gods of any marketable value are now entrusted to his keeping. It behooves me to make a raise somehow, and I've been thinking that the best thing I can do is to start a museum."

"Start a museum!" says I. "What in thunder are you going to put into it?"

"Curiosities, of course," answered Beggs. "Animate and inanimate; scenes in the Inquisition, reptiles, alligators, snakes and other creatures of the jim-jam order; a wild man, an Albino girl, and a dwarf. Lord bless you, Baldy, I'll start such a museum as was never seen before."

Which the same he did.

Beggs was the most ingenious man I ever knew. When he had once got the idea of a museum into his head, it seemed as though everything he possessed, down to the little five-year-old Beggs, had been designed by nature expressly for a curiosity. He set himself to work to furnish the scenes in the Inquisition. He took his other suit of clothes—they could not properly be called his old clothes, because they were just about as good as the ones he wore, and he tossed up a cent, I remember, to decide which he should use—he took his other suit, I say, and stuffed it with straw, so as to represent the body of a man. Then he took one of the blocks which his wife had used to display bonnets on when she followed the milliner's trade, and gave it a nose, mouth, and pair of eyes. This served for the head of the figure. Out of some old lumber he made a sort of pillory, and put the dummy's neck and arms through three separate holes. That completed the Inquisition business.

"What do you think of it, Baldy?" says he to me when the job was finished.

"Well," says I. "I'm not up on that sort of thing, but I had an idea that the Inquisition was a little rougher than that."

"You mean I ought to put him to more torture? Maybe you're right." And then, after eyeing the stuffed figure thoughtfully for a minute, he added: "I have it! I'll drive a couple of nails into his eyes and paint 'em red, as if they were heated!"

This was accordingly done, and added amazingly to the effect of the scene. Afterwards, when the museum had fairly got under way, Beggs introduced an axe, stained with beef-gore, which he found, to tell the people had cut off not less than forty heads during the Inquisition. The only trouble was that Silas, Beggs' oldest boy, was accustomed to use this axe to split kindling-wood with, which was apt to rub off the blood. That, however, was of little consequence; but an inquisitive fellow who was examining the axe closely one day found, stamped on the face, the words "North Adams Manufacturing Co., Mass.," and that floored even Beggs.

Having satisfactorily fixed the scenes in the Inquisition, Beggs got hold of a stuffed snake, an old chest, which he told the people was the first article which the Pilgrims removed from the Mayflower, the skeleton of a horse, a cow's horn, and a straw pillow. The bones of the horse were announced by Beggs to be those of a mysterious animal who lived wholly on human flesh; the horn, he said, grew on the head of a sacred bull in the East, while the pillow was gravely represented to be the identical one on which Abraham Lincoln died. When we got into the Southern States, however, Beggs substituted General Lee for the martyred President.

"These will do for the inanimate objects," said he, surveying the collection with a good deal of satisfaction. "Now for the animate—the living curiosities, you know. We must be strong there. Come around to the house this evening, Baldy, and we'll talk it over."

Accordingly, that night I called upon Beggs at his home, which was not a very high-toned kind of abode. His wife was there, so were his three children—Susan, Silas and Chunk. The first of these was a young lady of eighteen, with a sort of mealy face and a very shrill voice. She had a way of beginning all her sentences with a "Say," which came out with such an unexpected jerk that it was apt to frighten a man not intimately acquainted with her. Silas, who was a year younger than his sister, had a large mouth, out of which came a good deal more than had ever gone in. Silas was chiefly remarkable for his appetite and for his stock of slang phrases, which the same he had partly inherited and partly picked up from me. Chunk, whose Christian name I believe he had never heard—Beggs said that it was Obediah, but his wife declared it was Alferny Augustus—was five years old, exceedingly fat and dirty, and with no apparent interest in life beyond bread and molasses. These were the "kids," as Beggs called them. As for Mrs. Beggs, although she had been married twenty years, she still had about her the flavor of a milliner. The angles of her figure were so sharp that they always reminded me of one of those wire frames which they use in dry-goods stores. I never could get rid of the fancy out of my head that, if I were to pinch her, I would discover needles in all parts of her body, as one is apt to find them in old pincushions. Nevertheless, Mrs. Beggs was an affectionate wife, an indulgent mother, and in all respects a most worthy woman.

The question which Beggs immediately introduced upon my arrival was that of the animate curiosities for the museum.

"Now, I've been thinking," said he, "that all of us can do something towards making the show a success. Chunk, there, will do for the dwarf. We'll get him a wig and some whiskers, touch up the lines in his face with a little paint, and dress him in a tail-coat. Commodore Chunk, aged twenty-seven, height thirty inches, weight forty pounds. How does that sound?"

There was a general expression of approval, in which all joined except Chunk himself.

"As for Silas," continued Beggs, fixing his eye upon that interesting youth, "I think nature designed him for a blower."

"What yer givin' us?" demanded Silas, in doubt whether to accept his father's remark as a compliment or otherwise.

"I repeat, Silas will do for a blower," said Beggs, paying no heed to the interruption. "He's got the mouth for the blowing for it, and a conscience that won't trouble him. As for you, Susan, it strikes

I'ATTEND.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

O love! it seems so hard, this weary waiting;
I long for just a *little* love from thee.
'Tis not hope and fear my heart seems almost breaking—
O darling! must this longing ever be?

Only a word give me of faith unbroken—
The wish will rise within my anxious heart;
Don't think me weak in asking for a token,
Or murmuring at the fate that makes us part.

Mem'ries of our dear past come crowding o'er me,
What is and has been I cannot put aside;
Remember, love, that I am sad and lonely,
Waiting to have your love, while'er beside.

This is my faith! Old ties may yet be broken,
Or never love spring up in old love's stead;
Long though it be before the word is spoken,
Be sure that I am waiting till I'm dead.

Washington, Feb. 15, 1877. STYLUS.

THE MUMMY VAULT.

A Tale of Terror.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY HENRY LLEWELLYN WILLIAMS.

Of all the ghastly exhibitions, commend me no more to the array of natural mummies in St. Michael's vaults at Bordeaux. In an eight-sided and low-ceilinged cellar some forty preserved corpses wait, without apparent impatience, the Last Day. They are upright, leaning against the wall, as if tired, bending a sightless head forward, as in curiosity. They were found thus accidentally embalmed in the destruction of the churchyard, and kept as a scientific show.

One of the wine-merchants with whom I had come from Natchez to deal guided me among the lions of the sunny city—the lions living and dead.

Three were our party as we entered the vault, about five on a scorching July afternoon, led by the keeper. He was a hobbling, mutilated old soldier, as fantastic as any Knight of Hoop's.

My only feeling in treading the dust, intermixed with human bones in powder and crumbling, was curiosity. It is true, the stories of my negro nurse in childhood had made me timid about plunging into a canebrake after dark; but, as a man, I preferred a revolver against all possible foes, to an exorcism.

The guide carried a candle at the end of an iron rod, as the men had done in my merchant's wine-cellar, where he and our Spanish companion and myself had been "tasting" that same day. We were still laughing at the grotesque comicality of one cicerone, when I felt a qualm. It was rather the smell of the clay that disgusted me, not at all the spectacle of the human remains. In fact, they were but dimly outlined by that scanty light. I overcame my sinking sensation, and looked on calmly at the fellow clapping his rushlight under the noseless skulls and against shot-torn and contorted frames, as his bass voice uttered: "General killed in a duel. This 'un was buried alive. This one here is said to have poisoned with toadstools, which they took to be mushe rooms," etc.

But my ill-ease returned, and now I hinted that I would rather wait outside in the square. My friend and the Spaniard smiled and nodded.

As one could see the daylight when a little up the stair, I would not have the crippled candle-bearer escort me, but marched back alone. I reached the door at the foot of the stone steps; but, even as my hand touched the huge iron handle, profuse, chilling perspiration effused all over me. I shivered, a cloud covered my eyes, and I swooned away. I vaguely remember clinging to the door-handle for a second, but then felt as if falling for a long period.

It was so dark when I revived that, recalling the momentary blindness, I feared I had gone blind. I stared, straining eye till I came to the natural conclusion that I was in no nightmare. I sought to rise. My hands touched cold, hard, rounded things, which gave me no shock. Stone or bone, my senses were still too dulled to decide. I got on my feet, I turned my head "every which way," but it was as the Night Eternal.

Memory returned to its rule. I knew all up to when I seized the door-handle of the mummy vault. Where was I?

I walked a step or two at random, suspecting the truth, but not daring to confess my own belief. The ground was soft and springy; but now and then solid objects met my foot, and were imbedded more deeply in the dust.

Suddenly I stopped, with "gooseflesh" all over me. My groping hand had run its thumb into the empty eye-socket of a skull. I drew back. But, as I had no credence in superstition, I reasoned that to be with four or forty dried bodies, out of which life had died ages agone, was nothing.

All was clear. I had pulled the door back so as to shut it behind me. My friends and the keeper had passed me and shut the door, to leave me with the lifeless.

I am sure I smiled. Quite an adventure to tell at the hotel. I should say I even was not so very eager for instant liberation. I would tell how I made the parched remains of antique Gauls a burlesque oration of thanks for their hospitality; how I only regretted that none of them was sufficiently phosphorescent to lessen that gloom which seemed to weigh on my shoulders. Then suddenly I made a speaking-trumpet of my hands, and bellowed:

"Open the door! open the doo-od-oor!"

The echo was so loud that I said to myself:

"Hang me if that was not enough to awaken the dead!"

I was a little overwrought, but merry, gay. The man might be asleep. It would take him a little time to dress and shuffle down. To kill time, I took a "fisherman's walk of three steps and a turn;" for, spite of all my courage and philosophy, I cared very greatly not to embrace a skeleton. No steps descended the stairs.

"The door's so old and thick that my voice has been beaten back," I muttered testily. "I must hammer hard on the door."

Easier said than done. The main thing was to find the confounded door. The plain course was to pass along the wall till I came to it; but the dead were ranked there, and I abhorred the prospect of brushing against them.

I tried to arrive at the door by guess work, but half-a-dozen times I failed. Once I fairly hugged a tall figure, whose parchment cheek, out of which the bone had wormed itself, brushed mine own. My nerves seemed to take fire. I burnt as in a fever. My heart beat audibly. I laughed to deaden that sound. The unnatural noise laugh in the echo than mine should have caused.

"Nonsense!" I said to myself, but refused to speak in an undertone, being overawed. "I must not disgrace the name of American! Though I have to lay all these respected objects in the dust, out I shall go. To the door, my friend!"

I stepped out manfully. My hand skimmed the wall, and did not skip any of the silent sentinels. Twice the bodies that reeled over at my approach were crushed under my relentless tread. I was more enraged than daunted at being so long on the limited track.

I felt the wood, garnished with iron, of the door, and also a chair, needed, I little doubted now, for ladies overpowered by the scene. I caught it up and shattered it on the panels.

"Without it I would have used a skull or a thigh-bone," I said between my knocks. "I am bound to have that man down here pretty quick, now, I guess."

I fell back with exhausted arms. The remains of the chair were as my toys. Those splinters suggested that I might have light.

"Why, my cigar-lights!" I cried in joy.

I had a box upon me, of course. What Southerner but smokes—what smoker without fuses? I was delighted to see the withered men and women lear at me in their dim match and tattered bits and gold. I also saw that there were only three more in the box.

"That's plenty!" I concluded.

I lit the envelopes of some letters on the ground, laid this on fragments of the flannel, and again heaped up the remains of the chair. I set it all against the door, and, by its growing glare, I executed a devil's tattoo with variations with the biggest fragment. But the wood was as damp as those mummies were dry. Smoke rose with the flame, and all the draught under the door came indrawn. That door would not burn worth a cent, and meanwhile I should be suffocated. I stamped out the pyre a little too energetically, for the box of matches fell. I caught it on the fly; but the lucifers tumbled on the ashes, blazed with a hiss like a serpent's laughter, and I was in a deeper blackness than before.

What man would not be aroused, if indeed he slept on the premises? And there I must wait till the anusing and instructive exhibition began in the morning.

"I wonder if he is P. T. Barnum enough to offer me a good chance to lecture on my sensation, 'Left with the Lifeless'—quite a telling title, full of illustration, and so on."

The certainty of my release in a few hours calmed me. How few, how many? What a fool not to have looked at my watch when I had light. No! not a spark on the floor. The charred wood was already damp and cold. I took out my watch, I opened the glass, I felt the hands.

"Twelve o'clock! what a mistake!"

Impossible. I saw it all. The watch had been stopped by my gambols. But at the worst I felt so relieved that I believed I should get asleep.

"It is cold, but so much the better. I've stood a night in the Louisiana lowlands without rheumatic twinges. I'll risk this."

I made a sort of seat of the remains of the chair, leant my back against the door, placed my hat beside me, tucked my hands in my sleeves, and measured aloud: "Good-night and pleasant dreams!" to my hushed bedfellows. Cold or fatigue, I did glide off into slumber.

I was aroused by a sharp little noise at my ear, just such a snapping as when a boy at school "cracks his joints."

My torpor left me completely. I wound up my watch. But its ticking was not such a sound as I had heard. Yet how could those things move—stiff with time, sinews shrunken, and muscles wasted, bones worn?

"Am I mad?" I shouted. "I'll soon show myself that!"

I sprang up, I buttoned my coat round me to the throat like a soldier preparing for the grand assault, and, going straight before me till I reached the wall, made the circuit.

"One, two, three, the child; five, six, the twin-sister killed by the bell falling; nine, ten," etc.

Forty and one, all told. Right! all are there, save the two on the ground, which I overthrew. Stop!

"Did the man count the twins as one or two? I remember we laughed at something—at their being under one mantle in his list! Ah! is one grizzly ghost missing from his place?"

It seemed to me that, quick as a flash, *something* flitted before me. I darted forward. I saw it then, though now I know I was under an illusion. I also saw the door, the blackened fragments of the chair, and my hat. This kind of clairvoyance did not puzzle me then or startle me. Methought my hat had been moved from where I left it. If that spectre had touched it; if he had left in it his hand—his head!

Ha, ha! But why had it not left its hollow side down? I staggered to my "old place"—that at least was mine—and sank down, like an Indian, on my hams. One of the mummies that I had cast to the earth drew nearer me from the wall's foot. It seemed to me that I attracted it—a loadstone that was forced to be the nucleus of things most loathsome! What a fate for a man who still was in his senses! It was a corpse. How could I imagine it gazed on me, when it had orifices and not eyes? A yellow, thinned and twisted arm was thrust out before it as it slid along, like the bleached bowsprit of a phantom ship. Suddenly I saw what it was aiming at—my hat! I darted out my hand, I seized it, and snatched it to me. Another moment and my hand of flesh and that hand of skin and bone would have been interlaced on its brim! The dead one recoiled. Its sigh of disappointment was repeated; a hundred dull sounds followed. That baffled being had withdrawn only to rally its mates. I hugged my poor smashed hat to my bosom, under both my folded arms, as if it were a treasure, or the talisman that had protected me so far. Suddenly I leaped, for a sharp tap had come upon my shoulder, and a voice mockingly asked:

"Are you going to stay here all night?"

My teeth chattered; but I wished to be on a level with the speaker, and drew myself up to my full height.

The corpses were clustering together, like so many soldiers falling in and edging up to fill up the gaps made in a line by shot and shell. That grim troop meant to attack me in the mass.

I thought to say a prayer, and I thought I was saying a prayer till I heard a laugh in derision. The words on my lips were my negro nurse's lullaby: "Put him in a gingah-tree, put him on a big red stone! Dar come a dog, dar come a flea, an' all de rest went home!" Conscious of the absurdity, I joined in the laugh, and could not check it when I wished.

I stooped and armed myself with the chair-back. They were almost at once upon me, pushing one another, rather crawling than marching. I struck out wildly, hitting something whenever I struck. At the second charge I saw that the general killed in the duel, with a seam in his breast like an order of merit, wore my hat. I had not noticed how he had plucked it from under my left hand. I flew at him.

"My hat or your head!" I screamed. Surrounded, overweighted, I dropped on one knee. They sought to lift me up. They wanted me to join them in their dance of triumph over my own defeat. At first I resisted. I pulled off the very arm of the poisoned lady that was offered me, and smote her and her kindred with that double bone. But then I yielded to the impulse. I danced; I laughed with them! All was over; I was the hub of that infernal wheel of withered carcasses!

* * * * * * *

It was more than two months before I recovered. Six weeks of brain-fever had nearly carried me away. My merchant explained that he had not found me on the square, and, while believing I had gone to my hotel, had some doubt, and, on learning there that I was absent, had hunted up the keeper of the vault, who lived elsewhere, and had it opened at one in the morning. I was found in the dust, brandishing a bone.

EUROPEAN DRAMATIC AND OPERATIC NOVEITIES

"L'HETMAN"

is the title of a new five-act drama by a distinguished young soldier, Paul Deroulede, which was produced at the Odeon Theatre, Paris, France, during the week closing Feb. 9. A correspondent writes as follows concerning it:

The action takes place towards the end of the first half of the seventeenth century, and the scene is laid at Lublin, the second city of Poland. King Ladislas the Fourth is on the throne, and he has recently vanquished the Cossacks of the Ukraine, but is in dread lest they may break out again into revolt. In order to restrain them he retains at his court, as a kind of dignified captivity, their counter Hetman or chief, Frol-Gheraz, and his daughter Mikia. With them, and under the same state of surveillance, is a young man named Stenko, a fellow countryman of Mikia's, who is descended from a stock of Ukraine chieftains, and who possesses great influence over the fierce and hardy Cossacks. He loves Mikia, who has promised to become his bride, and her father has ratified this engagement. The old Hetman dreams of nothing but the independence of his country; but, taught by experience, he wishes that no fresh enterprise should be undertaken until success is certain. He dreads lest the sacred cause of liberty should be irrevocably injured by a rash revolt. Stenko only thinks of Mikia. The girl is also loved by a traitor named Rogoviane, who, though a child of the Ukraine, has passed into the service of King Ladislas. This man, cursed and defeated by his own countrymen, watches them, and warns him against the Hetman. The Cossacks are ready to rise against the oppression they are made to suffer, and are only waiting a chief. They elect him by vote, and the call falls on Stenko. A secret emissary is dispatched to find him at the Court of Ladislas, and, though the young man hesitates between his patriotism and his love, the former gains, and he flies from Mikia to say his farewell to his betrothed. Rogoviane is soon apprised of his flight, and before the whole court, in the presence of Frol-Gheraz and Mikia, accuses Stenko of treason, and asks the King to decree additional severities against the rebels. The old Hetman bewails the rashness of his countryman, but Mikia admires the heroism of her lover. The King questions Frol-Gheraz, but it is evident the old man is not an accomplice in the insurrection, and Ladislas, notwithstanding his suspicious nature, cannot suspect him. Besides, the King does not desire a war at the moment. A delay of some days is necessary for his projects, so he resolves to send the Hetman as an emissary to the Cossack camp. He will bring to the rebels a complimentary message from their King, and ten full days of liberty are accorded him for his mission. The Hetman sets out on his journey, but Mikia remains behind as a hostage. Terrible is the struggle in the breast of Frol-Gheraz; he is leaving his child among traitors, but the fate of his country is at stake, and he undertakes this premature rebellion, he will strive his utmost to support the wishes of the King. The second act brings us to the camp of the insurgents. Stenko is in command, and they are about solemnly to elect him chief. Their patriotism is inflamed by the accents of a kind of wild Priestess, the Maruchka, who recites an ode to Liberty that excites their passions to the utmost. The election takes place, and Stenko is chosen. He begins to take the measures necessary for the struggle, when the old Hetman appears. He is acclaimed with universal respect by those who think him estranged from his country's cause, and merely the envoy of Ladislas. The old man speaks, and his noble language inspires them with general confidence in him. Only when he breathes the word concessions, and explains the object of his mission, a great cry of opposition heaves from the people, all rise for battle, and only dream of blood and victory. He warns them that they may be rushing to defeat; but they heed him not, and at last, abandoning all attempts to dissuade them, he turns to Stenko, and, in order to save his ranks for Mikia, informs him that she remains a hostage for the obedience of the Cossacks. Stenko, on hearing this, becomes wild with grief; he renounces the command, and only desires to rejoin his betrothed in order to save her or perish with her. He strips off the ensigns of his chieftain and makes from the camp. The Cossacks in dismay ask who will now lead them. "I!" exclaims the old Hetman, and, turning away by the enthusiasm of his patriotism to the expenditure for the safety of his child. In the third act Stenko is at the King's castle, where he offers excuses to Ladislas for his flight. The King does not betray his suspicions, and the young man is allowed to converse freely with Mikia. But the Maruchka contrives by some means or other to gain access to the royal dwelling, and her prophetic enthusiasm so influences the fate of the young couple that Mikia bids Stenko rejoin his brothers in arms. His affianced remains still a hostage. The fourth act contains the scene of the prophetess' incantations, and is rather unnecessary. In the fifth the action becomes melodramatic. Stenko has been mortally wounded, the Hetman is routed, and Rogoviane has come to Lublin. He brings Mikia into the presence of her dying lover, and is interrupting their scene of love and imprecation by some attempts at courtship, when the young girl draws the soldier comes to tell him that the royal army had met a reverse, and that the Hetman is advancing with a numerous force to seize Rogoviane. The sound of the rebel trumpets is heard, and the traitor flies, as all is lost. But before perishing he stabs Mikia, and the girl falls on the body of her lover. The Hetman is consequently victorious, but his success has cost him his child. He has been revenged on Rogoviane, but this is no consolation. Then the Maruchka takes up again her soul-stirring chant, and the curtain falls on the last line of the refrain:

"Qu'importe les morts! La liberte vit."

Such is the piece. It is full of defects, but its current of magnificent and martial poetry sweeps the audience to a pitch that he forgets criticism in his enthusiasm. To a French audience the significance of the allusions is pointed. For the Ukraine and the sufferings of its oppressed people, read Alsace-Lorraine, and you have the key to the enigma of the stranze success of "The Hetman." It breathes all the ardor of a youthful pen, all the fiery patriotism of a soldier, and much of the inspiration of a poet. That it should prove likely to have a long success, under such advantages, is not, therefore, surprising.

It will be cast with Geffroy as Frol-Gheraz, Marias as Stenko, Regnier as Rogoviane, Tallien as the King, Mme. Marie Laurent as Maruchka, and Mlle. Antonine as Mikia.

"LA FOIRE ST. LAURENT"

is the title of what is designated "an operetta bouffe," in three acts, the words by MM. St. Albin, Ordonneau and Blum, and the music by Serpette, which was brought out recently at the Folies Dramatiques, Paris. The plot is as follows: "Clarinette, a schoolgirl of sweet sixteen, has been informed by her aunt that she is to marry a certain Nicholas Curtius, whom she has never seen. The girl is deeply read in the novels of the day, and has become so romantic that she thinks she must brave on his behalf a thousand dangers before giving her hand to a husband. Consequently, she runs away from her aunt to look herself at the Foire de St. Laurent, where the crowd is so great that she is soon lost sight of. Her intended is a youth of singular timidity, and he is rather uneasy at the idea of marriage. He is the nephew of the celebrated Curtius, who is the Madame Tussaud of St. Laurent, being the proprietor of the wonderful show of wax-works. The young man seeks counsel from his friend Bobeche, another artist at the fair, a successful Don Juan, who has at the moment a real Princess sighing at his feet. Bobeche endeavors to instruct Nicholas in the art of love-making, but finding it impossible to impart any of his own natural impudence to the timid boy, quits him in disgust to rejoin his Princess. Nicholas and Clarinette soon meet, of course; and the little girl, taking his arm, implores him to aid her in escaping from her governing aunt. That energetic old lady, in order to follow up her search for her niece, entrusted the care of her fair pupils to a Prince Ramollini, who, under the impression that his lively charges are ballet-girls, brings them to a wine-shop, where he gives them much a glorious supper that they all fall ill. It so happens that Nicholas invites his pretty companion to the same house, and the Prince, hearing the voice of his wife, Angele, suddenly bursts into the room, and, imagining that it is there that he had heard the Princess speaking, charges young Curtius with being her seducer. A scene of the wild chase in the gardens of the inn, Bobeche and the Princess, Nicholas and Clarinette escaping by ladders over the wall. The third act brings about a happy arrangement of all the confusion, and takes place in the wax-work show. Everything, of course, ends in the happiest way, even the Prince being convinced of the innocence of his wife." The part of Clarinette introduced a pleasing debutante, Mlle. Juliette Girard; Mlles. Vaughell and Geoffroy, and Mme. Millier and Simon Max also appearing in the cast.

"LA MARJOLAINE,"

a three-act operetta, words by MM. Vanloo and L. Leterrier, music by Lecocq, has been produced with much success at the Renaissance Theatre, Paris. A correspondent writes as follows about it: "The plot is spicy, not to say smutty, in the extreme, but it suits the tastes of a Boulevard audience, and is highly laughable. Suffice it, then, to say that the scene is laid in Belgium, where the law of divorce exists; that La Marjolaine is the young bride of a certain Baron Palamede, and that she is such a paragon of virtue that the silly husband is fool enough to wager with a certain club of Lotharios, to which in his gay bachelor days he had belonged, that not one of them can obtain the most trivial favor from his wife. Every facility is offered by the trusting Baron to secure his own dishonor, and the upshot of the bet is that La Marjolaine, though innocent, is so compromised that Palamede believes in her guilt. The young girl is not at all sorry when her lord turns her out of the house, obtains a divorce, and leaves her free to marry a little clockmaker named Frickel, who had been her first love. Palamede discovers too late that he had been deceived by his unjust suspicions, and endeavors in vain to cancel the divorce and retain his wife. The music which M. Lecocq has written to this libretto is gay, simple, clear and unpretentious. It has been received with great favor; and if I were to attempt naming all the morceaux which please the audience, a large part of this letter would have to be devoted to the enumeration." Mlle. Jeanne Granier appeared as La Marjolaine, Berthelier as the Baron, Vauthier as Annibal, who undertakes the conquest of the heroine, and Puget as Frickel.

SINGULAR BETTING TRANSACTION.—A remarkable case of betting came before the County Court Judge at Gloucester, Eng., recently. It appears that during Christmas week a party of men met at a public house, and in a conversation about William Tell's exploits a man named Hudson staked a sovereign that he would allow a turnip to be shot off his head with a rifle. The bet was accepted by a marine store-dealer named Blick, and the stakes were afterwards doubled. Blick alleged that one of the conditions was that Hudson should stand at one end of the shooting-alley, and the shot be fired from the other; but this was denied by the remainder of the company, and the turnip was fired at with the muzzle of the gun only two or three inches away. Blick sought to recover £2; but it appeared that, though he protested, he never asked for his money, and the Judge gave judgment for defendant, without costs.

AMUSEMENT ANNALS--CLIPPER SERIES NO. VIII.

NINETEEN YEARS AT THE LYCEUM.

FROM JOHN BROUGHAM DOWN TO BARNEY WILLIAMS.

Since the Fall of 1869 fashionable stores have occupied the site of the snug little theatre which, taking the latter half of its name from Lyceum Hall—itself originally on Broadway near Lispenard street, and removed about 1846 to Broadway near Broome—was on Dec. 29, 1850, christened "Brougham's Lyceum." It had been baptized in bloodfor, on Aug. 5, 1850, while the necessary alterations were in progress, at least one of the laborers was killed by the falling of a wall, and some few years later the building was consecrated by the sacrifice of another human life, the flagstaff falling and killing a popular member of the Volunteer Fire-department, for the relief of whose family a special performance was shortly given. The architect was J. M. Trimble, the proprietor was John Brougham, George Loder was the musical director, Harry Lynne the stage-manager, and H. B. Phillips the prompter. Of this quintet, Brougham and Phillips alone walk the earth. W. H. Chippendale soon afterwards became acting-manager. The company was both numerous and powerful, and but few of them remain. There seems to be no complete list of the people who figured on the stage during the first season; and in relying upon memory we shall bespeak the assistance of such of the survivors as are in a position to correct us wherever we may err. First as to the survivors, who, as we recall them, are John E. Owens (as a star), James C. Dunn, Stephen Leach, F. Lyster, W. H. Chippendale, Miss Kate Horn (Mrs. Buckland), Julia Bennett (Mrs. Barrow) as a star, Mrs. W. R. Blake, W. J. Florence and wife (then Miss Malvina), and G. W. Smith. There were also Mr. Fletcher and Miss Tayleure, the latter of whom married, and may be living yet; and there was Mlle. Albertine, first dancer, as to whose whereabouts Mr. G. W. Smith, then ballet-master there, and now residing in Philadelphia, may advise us. In that year (1850) there were four Albertines in the field. One was the Miss Albertine who afterwards traveled with Frank Chanfrau, and who was originally a danseuse, but turned actress early in 1850, if not before that; another was the Mlle. Albertine at Brougham's, who could scarcely have been *the* Miss Albertine above, but in all likelihood was the lady who had been starred on La Belle Albertine, dancer and Columbine; and finally there were the two Albertine Sisters, very young girls, who in 1849 or 1850 appeared at Barnum's Museum, this city, having come from England. Such of Brougham's first company as are known to be dead are Lizzie Steele (afterwards Mrs. D. S. Palmer), Palmer himself, O. B. Raymond, George J. Arnold, Henry Thompson, Mary and Emma Taylor, Mrs. Brougham, Mrs. George Loder, Mrs. Conway, Miss Tayleure, George Jordan (added soon after opening), and Mrs. James Dunn. Julia Gould is probably dead, but, unlike as to the others, we are without record of the date. She is said to have died in San Francisco.

The opening bill, on Dec. 25, 1850, consisted in part of a scene of human panorama called "Brougham & Co.," and devised for the laudable purpose of showing "the full strength of the company." It was followed by "Crimson Crimes," in which, as Mr. Fright, John E. Owens made his announced first appearance in New York. The first actual novelty was, next in the opening itself, was the American debut of Miss Julia Gould, on Dec. 30, as Captain Phœbus in "Esmeralda." On Jan. 20, 1851, O. B. Raymond ("Toots") made his first bow there, as Toots in "Tombey and Son," the Carker being G. J. Arnold, who afterwards became a equestrian actor and died from being kicked by a horse. The famous "Row at the Lyceum," which became "The Row at the Brooklyn Museum," and indeed the "Row" almost everywhere, was brought out on April 22. It was in this, personating the man with the soap-locks, that Florence made his first remarked, his next noteworthy proceeding being to take a "benefit" in the following December. On May 21, 1851, for the benefit of H. B. Phillips, the late John R. Scott made what was probably his sole appearance at that establishment, giving his truly fine impersonation of Capt. Copp. This fact is deserving of mention here because it has not been deemed worthy of preservation among the records of the New York stage, which are also strangely silent as to Catherine Sinclair's having originally played in this city at Barnum's Museum. Oct. 19, as Lady Gay Spanker, Miss Rosa Bennett, sister of Mrs. Julia Bennett Barrow, made her American debut. She remained until the end of the season, which was on June 4, 1855, the house being closed on May 29, when the Wallack Testimonial occurred at the Academy of Music. In the company this season, besides those already enumerated, were Messrs. Dyott, Bland, Rea, Trevor, F. Chippendale, Brougham, Bernard, Jeffries, Vincent, Burke, Colby, Oliver, Noble, Simpson, Henry, and Lester and J. W. Wallack. Among the ladies were Hoey, Barton, Osborne, Carman, Power, Pine, Bishop, Connor, Thompson, Charlotte Thompson, Cramer, etc.

The next season began Sept. 12, and introduced Mrs. Vernon, George Holland, Charles Peters, Henry Placide, Mary Gannon, Harry Hall, Kate Saxon, and W. H. Norton, not before seen there, and all now dead. On Oct. 22, Miss Georgina Hodson, from the Haymarket, London, made her American debut as Carlo in "Asmodeus" and Gertrude in "A Loan of a Lover." On Dec. 24 she was the original Pocahontas in Brougham's imperishable extravaganza of that name. Jan. 9, 1856, there was another acquisition from Burton's, in the person of Miss Emilie Raymond (afterwards Mrs. G. F. Marchant, and since dead), who appeared as Mrs. Mildmay in "Still Waters Run Deep," which had been first produced in this country at Barnum's Museum on Monday, Sept. 10, 1855, its ascription to Burton's Chambers-street Theatre, where it appeared as the original John Mildmay, being erroneous, C. W. Clarke having been the original in America, with E. F. Taylor, instead of George Jordan, as Hawksley. It was brought out at Burton's on Wednesday, Sept. 12. On March 27, 1856, Miss Louisa Howard, an English actress who had come over with the late Henry Farren, first husband of Miss Kate Reignolds, made her first bow at Wallack's, as Rosalind in "As You Like It." The season terminated on June 11, the elder Wallack having played only fifty consecutive nights. On Aug. 1, William Stuart, since lessee of the Park Theatre, opened it as the Summer Garden, T. B. Johnston, J. G. Burnett, Dion Boucicault, J. B. Howe, A. T. Morton, Agnes Robertson, Jessy McLean and Mrs. J. H. (Louise) Allen being in the company. This special season ended on Sept. 8, and on the 17th Mr. Stuart began the regular season, with Lester Wallack as stage-manager, and Dion Boucicault as a general supervisor. As before, the company included Lester, Sothern, H. B. Phillips, George Holland, Wallack, Mrs. Gilbert, G. H. Lee, Burnett, Peters, Mrs. Hoey, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Sylvester (mother of Louise Sylvester, and now Mrs. Post), Miss Gannon and Miss Agnes Robertson. Colin Stewart was added, and also Levere. On Oct. 17, Miss Sara Stevens, now the widow of John C. Heenan, made her first appearance on any stage. On Nov. 24, accompanying James Anderson, Miss Agnes Elsworthy made her American debut as Diana in "Clouds and Sunshine." She was the daughter of Capt. John E. Pym of the Royal Navy, and sister of Susanna Maria Elsworthy, the English actress, who in 1857 married W. E. Browning. On Dec. 25, Mrs. John Wood, cousin of Mrs. E. L. Davenport, first appeared in this theatre, as Minnehaha in Walcot's burlesque of "Hiawatha." Matilda Heron, long absent from the metropolitan stage, appeared on Jan. 22, 1857, as "Camille." E. A. Sothern was this year in the Army, as he was the Jason when, on Feb. 16, she produced "Medea." She played sixty-two nights in all, in forty-five of which she coughed as Camille. During the Summer Mrs. J. W. Wallack Jr., Miss Eliza Logan, and Mrs. John Wood starred. On May 13, Josephine Manners first appeared in this house, as Poopoomama in "Hiawatha;" and on the same night, Miss Emily Thorne, afterwards Mrs. G. C. Jordan, began under the name of Milton, playing the Duchess de Chartres in "The Follies of a Night." On July 21, the late John Wood began as Shylock in the burlesque "Merchant of Venice," and continued, with his wife, until the season's close, Aug. 17, 1857.

Under Sothern reopened on Sept. 3, 5 and 6, the new comers being David Whiting, Joseph Grosvenor (Hamilton), John Sloan, A. H. Davenport, Harry Loraine, and Mrs. John P. Cooke. The regular season began on Sept. 7, with Maddis Heron as the star in "Camille," "Guimina," or "Camilla," as in New York, since known as "The Streets of New York," was brought out on Dec. 21, Lester Wallack being the Badger. Substantially the same piece, but with the characters differently named, had already been seen at the Bowery Theatre, being there called "Grand and his Victims" (Sterling Coyne's). It has since been "The Poor of"—almost every city on earth. "Jessie Brown" was first produced Feb. 22, 1858, with Boucicault as Nena Saib and Agnes Robertson as Jessie. It ran until April 5, when the Lola Montez craze began, and in with it went the engagement, which was quite successful, and otherwise noticeable as Mrs. Stark's first appearance in her native city. It was emphasized on June 14 by the first appearance at that house of Mrs. Andrew Kinsley as Maria Grahla, when Lester Wallack first played his father's great part of Alessandro Massaroni in "The Brigand." Meanwhile, or on March 12, E. L. Davenport had played Othello to Edwin Booth's Iago, for Henry C. Jarrett's benefit. The last night of the season was for the benefit of Allen's widow, Miss Heron's third first appeared at that house, as Mr. Bromley in "Simpson & Co." Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence took the house on July 15 and held it until Aug. 28. On Aug. 30 F. S. Chanfrau began, introducing his wife (*nee* Henrietta Baker) to a metropolitan audience for the first time, as Lucy Lane Chatterly in "The Widow's Victim." The Chanfraus withdrew on Sept. 4, and were succeeded on the 6th by the Cooper English opera Troupe, who brought the Summer season to an end on the 18th.

Lester Wallack again assumed control of the establishment on Oct. 5, 1858, the new appearances during the initial month being Charles Wheatleigh, Mrs. John Sloan, and Mr. and Mrs. William R. Floyd. F. C. Bangs, Viola Plunkett (Grattan), Mrs. H. F. Gratten, and the late A. W. Young were also added. The season was chiefly noticeable for the production of Lester Wallack's "Veteran," on Jan. 17, 1859. During a Summer season lasting from June 13 to Sept. 14, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence and Matilda Heron were the stars, their supporters including Davidge, Henry Howard, Seffern, C. W. Couldock, Grosvenor, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Stoddart, Mrs. Archbold, and M. W. Leffingwell.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

ATTENTION, MINSTRELS!

We have before adverted to the fact that E. P. Christy not only claimed to have organized his minstrel troupe in 1842, in Buffalo, but also showed receipts for that year and up to the close of his career at 472 Broadway, this city. We had hoped that some of our readers in Buffalo, or some member of the Historical Society of that city, would glance at the papers of that year in search of a brief advertisement or some other evidence of the existence of that troupe. Meanwhile, we print a letter from A. P. Durand, in which he goes back, in his memory, to 1839. The lady Mr. Durand refers to may not now be living. George Christy's widow certainly is not, but George Christy's daughter is, we believe, and she may remember to have heard, in the family-circle, some mention of Mr. Durand and the "original minstrels." Of the performers "in 1839-40" he is the only survivor.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 26.

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir*: Seeing our names (Painter and Durand, gymnasts,—ED. CLIPPER.) mentioned in connection with the Pentland Circus in 1859, the suggestion came to me that I would write you as to the original minstrels, that organized in 1839, in Buffalo, N. Y. It was under E. P. Christy, and the party were as follows: E. P. Christy, George N. Christy, Lance Durand (my name for short), Tom Vaughn, banjoist; John Daniels; (my name for short), Tom Vaughn, banjoist; John Daniels; F. A. Vincent, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. W. Conover, Mrs. Cramer, Edward Seguin, Julia Gould and Laura Keene, the first event of the season being the American debut of the last-mentioned lady on Sept. 20, as Alicia Mandeville in "The Will." On Oct. 13, 1852, the place was first called Wallack's Theatre. On Nov. 10, 1853, as Hyssop in "The Rent Day," Edward Seguin the basso, who died in the following month, made his final appearance on the stage. The season closed on June 13, 1853, with "As You Like It," and the next one began on Sept. 5, the new arrivals being Lysander Thompson (from Burton's), Mrs. W. Isherwood, Miss Teresa Esmond, Mrs. F. B. Conway, and Miss Fanny Deane. As a sample of the rich harvest Death has garnered, we give the cast of Brougham's fine comedy "The Game of Life," first produced Dec. 12:

Adam Greenleaf..W. R. Blake	Rupert Wolf.....J. W. Lester
Chatterton Drake.....	.....John Brougham
Major Shadow..Chas. Walcot	Smiler.....John Dyott
Lilieli Wyndham.....	.....Mrs. Stephens
Widow Joybell.....	.....Mrs. Brougham
Rose Greenleaf.....	.....Mrs. F. B. Conway
Mrs. Smiler.....	.....Mrs. Cramer
Matilda Smiler.....	.....Fanny Deane

Only Brougham and Lester Wallack are living. That was Fanny Deane's first appearance on any stage. She became Mrs. Halsey, and on June 5, 1859, her body was found floating in our Bay, with nothing to strongly suggest suicide. On Jan. 30, 1854, Mrs. John Hoey returned to the stage as constance in "The Love Chase," Laura Keene having seceded. The season ended on June 21.

Wallack's third season began on Sept. 7, 1854, and "The Phenomenon in the Smock Frock" introduced J. H. Stoddart as Sowerberry. The month before, as Sir Anthony Absolute in "The Rivals," at Burton's Chambers-street Theatre, he had been announced as making his American debut; and here he was at the rival house! On Sept. 9, as Lord Charles Roebuck in "Old Heads and Young Hearts," Douglass Stewart (E. A. Sothern) made his first bow at Wallack's, having originally played in this city at Barnum's Museum. Oct. 19, as Lady Gay Spanker, Miss Rosa Bennett, sister of Mrs. Julia Bennett Barrow, made her American debut. She remained until the end of the season, which was on June 4, 1855, the house being closed on May 29, when the Wallack Testimonial occurred at the Academy of Music. In the company this season, besides those already enumerated, were Messrs. Dyott, Bland, Rea, Trevor, F. Chippendale, Brougham, Bernard, Jeffries, Vincent, Burke, Colby, Oliver, Noble, Simpson, Henry, and Lester and J. W. Wallack. Among the ladies were Hoey, Barton, Osborne, Carman, Power, Pine, Bishop, Connor, Thompson, Charlotte Thompson, Cramer, etc.

The next season began Sept. 12, and introduced Mrs. Vernon, George Holland, Charles Peters, Henry Placide, Mary Gannon, Harry Hall, Kate Saxon, and W. H. Norton, not before seen there, and all now dead. On Oct. 22, Miss Georgina Hodson, from the Haymarket, London, made her American debut as Carlo in "Asmodeus" and Gertrude in "A Loan of a Lover." On Dec. 24 she was the original Pocahontas in Brougham's imperishable extravaganza of that name. Jan. 9, 1856, there was another acquisition from Burton's, in the person of Miss Emilie Raymond (afterwards Mrs. G. F. Marchant, and since dead), who appeared as Mrs. Mildmay in "Still Waters Run Deep," which had been first produced in this country at Barnum's Museum on Monday, Sept. 10, 1855, its ascription to Burton's Chambers-street Theatre, where it appeared as the original John Mildmay, being erroneous, C. W. Clarke having been the original in America, with E. F. Taylor, instead of George Jordan, as Hawksley. It was brought out at Burton's on Wednesday, Sept. 12. On March 27, 1856, Miss Louisa Howard, an English actress who had come over with the late Henry Farren, first husband of Miss Kate Reignolds, made her first bow at Wallack's, as Rosalind in "As You Like It." The season terminated on June 11, the elder Wallack having played only fifty consecutive nights. On Aug. 1, William Stuart, since lessee of the Park Theatre, opened it as the Summer Garden, T. B. Johnston, J. G. Burnett, Dion Boucicault, J. B. Howe, A. T. Morton, Agnes Robertson, Jessy McLean and Mrs. J. H. (Louise) Allen being in the company. This special season ended on Sept. 8, and on the 17th Mr. Stuart began the regular season, with Lester Wallack as stage-manager, and Dion Boucicault as a general supervisor. As before, the company included Lester, Sothern, H. B. Phillips, George Holland, Wallack, Mr

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

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NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded

Letters received for week ending P. M., MONDAY, Mar. 5.

LADIES' LIST.

Allen, Eloise
Burdeau, Mrs. Jane
Bridges, Mrs. Amelia
Bianca Sisters 6c.
Beville, Nellie
Bergen, Della
Blaisdell, Mrs. Julia
Banks, Carlotta
Bowers, Mrs. D. P.
Berrell, Mrs. Mary L.
Bowman, Laura
Clifford, Ada (late of Baltimore)
Carerra, Laura
Cousand, Leona
Collins, Mrs. Eva
Capeon, Mrs. Bertie
Carlano, Rose
Crabtree, "Lotta"
Corelli, Blanche(2)
Drayton, Allie
Dimple, Dottie
Douglas, Fannie
Duncan, Carrie
Dickinson, Anna
D'Este, Helene
Denton, Anna
Doyle, Rosa
Everton, Mrs. M. L.
Ehl, Emma
Everett, Eda
Fisk, May
Farrell, Minnie
Florence, Mrs. M. (of Deakin's Co.)
Fobb, Mrs. E.
Feiton, Mrs. Maggie S.
Flemming, Nellie
Gray, Minnie Oscar
Gray, Ada
Goldmere, Annie
Grimes, Maggie
Gorman, Mrs. Lottie
Golden, Laura
Herrmann, Mrs. Addie
Halstead, Mrs. Ida (of Howard, Franklin
Hedges, Mrs. "Sue"
Hannum, Zurnby
Hall, Mrs. Eugenia
Howard, May (2)
Hallett, Allie (2)
Irwin Sisters
Ingalls, Mrs. Mary
Irwin, Mrs. Selden
Kimberley, Bessie
Kirby, Adele
Kuneas, Mrs. Nelson
Lindsey, Jennie
Lee, Julia (late of Ford's Theat.
Leon, Mrs. Nellie
Lee, Rosa (vocalist)
Le Gros, Marie
Lancaster, Marie E.
Livingstone, Maude
Lottus, Miss S.
Louise, Marie (of Siddons, Miss E.
Lavane, Belle
Larkell, Nellie
Leland, Emma (of Leland Comb.)
Lucille, Fannie
Mitchell, Lottie
McDonald, Nellie
Mumford, Mrs. Annie
Mordaunt, Marian
Mundell, Leontine
Mowring, Frances
Morton, Kate
Mabretta, Mlle. (trapezist)
Neville, Charlotte
Nugent, Mrs. May
Nelson, Annie
Navarez, Jennie
"Nell" ("Californ. ia Diamond")
Peck, Eugenie
Peak, Fannie
Pike, Dollie (of Furbish's Co.)
Phillips, Mrs. Horace K.
Pearl, Mable
Peris, Nellie
Pearl, Maggie
Phillips, Adelaide
Pizzuolo, Mlle.
Prestige, Mary Ann
Robson, Erba
Russell, Mrs. Laura
Ransom, Alice (3)
Rainford, Alice
Raymond, Ida
Robinson, Minnie (vocalist)
Rollins, Madam
Reynolds, "Vic"
Rodgers, Eliza
Stewart, Adelaide
Sommers, Alice
St. Felix, May
Stokes, Virginia C.
Seymour, Maude
St. John, Nellie
St. Felix Sisters (2)
Selwyn, Blanche (2) 5c.
St. Felix, Madam
Stella, Rose (2)
Siddons, Miss E.
Stetson, Mrs. E. P.
Siddons, Mrs. Scott-
Seaborn, Ada
Sarmey, Nellie
Street, Martha
Turnour, Hapsey
Tilley, Mrs. (p.o.m. Folkstone, Eng.)
Vincent, Mrs. Felix A.
Vaidis, Mrs. (of Vaidis Family)
Vesey, Clara (of Soldene's Co.)
Verlander, Jennette
Velleley, La Senorita
Van Zandt, Inez
Wild, Bertha
Whitin, Blanche
Wheeler, Lizzie Jane
Woodhull, Victoria
Wyndham, Alice
Whitin, Mrs. T.
Zoerner, Anna
Zittella, Mlle.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Almonte, Edwin
Arizona, Chas.
Anstin, C. (of Leavitt's B. R.)
Alfredo, Louis
Austin, Chas. & Carrie
Avery, A. A.
Aroven, J. T.
Ashford, A. A.
Almonte, Geo.
Alson, John
Belmont, Robt.
Braham, Harry & Lizzie
Bryant & Williams
Bersett, Jules
Bryant, "Billy" (2)
Birdsell, Chas. F.
Buchanan, R. (of Flunkett's Co.)
Brown, E. B. (of Chas. Orr's Co.)
Britt, Wm. R.
Bernardo, A. (mtst., "biz")
Buffalo Bill Combination
Bethune, —(Agt. of "Blind Tom")
Bailey, Harry (candy "biz")
Barre, J. H. late of Marion (Mo.)
Brown, "Gus"
Burgess, Joseph
Blanchett, E. E.
Barbour, W. W.
Bryant & West
Bryant, Neil
Bode, Ernest
Braman, H. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Ball, Gustave
Bascom, J. in 6c.
Barlow, M. G. (2)
Bosworth, Frank
Beane, Geo. A.
Bissinger, J.
Bagley, E. M.
Barnhold, J.
Baker, Johnny"
Bramon, H. A.
Bagley, Wm.
Barlow Brothers
Browne, Jno. H. (2) 8c.
Byron, Fred.
Brandt, Jake
Barr, J. L.
Barr, Paul A.
Billings, "Josh"
Brown, J. (of Kendall's Com. Co.)
Burke, J. M. (of "Buffalo Bill" Co.)
Bennett, Jas.
Beck, Alfred
Boles, E. (of Brinkerhoff & Co.)
Blitz, Francois
Blair, "Billy"
Brand, Prof. T. H.
Blodgett, Harvey
Cole, W. W. (2)
Chadwick, Henry
Chapman, J.
Clifton, Frank (late of Baltimore)
Carpenter, Dixie's Minst., Manag
Charleston, J. (vocalist)
Conway, Neil
Clark, H. (of Leonzo & Clark)
Cahill, W. B.
Clark Bros. (late of Baltimore)
Cook, F. L. (of Wallace Stat. Co.)
Cardoza, H. (gen. agent)
Cassidy, Geo. H.
Cozell, Coleman, M. P.
Cottrell, F. G. 6c
Clark, "Billy" D. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Cook, J. W. (of Green's Minst.)
Cook, "Sandy"
Queen's Cir.)
Clarke, "Ned" (of Miller's Win Gar.)
Collon, "Andy"
Coleman, W. E.
Casey, H. (of Locke & Panton, Cin.)
Carter, Edward J.
Collier, Jas. W.
Cook, Jas. (equestrian)
Cameron, "Jim" 5c.
Campbell, Bartley
Cummings, Jas. H.
Crispini, Hurbert (2)
Callahan, W. J.
Chase, Wm.
Clark, Delos
Childs, "Joe"
Cambridge, A. G.
Chase & Davis
Clifford, E. (of Chilfford's Dram. Co.)
Carson, Jr., "Kit"
Cavanagh, Miles
Drew & Lawton
Dixon, H. (of Kellogg's Op. Co.)
Dillon, Jno. (comed. Dight.
Dixon, T. B.
Day, Frank
Day, Daniel musician, Dixon, Geo. Henry
De Lafayette, Prof.
De King, H. (trapezist)
Dayspring, George
Dowling, J. J.
Dixon, Geo.
Dimond, Mons. (of French Op. Bf. Co.)
Dearborn, C. (of Robinson's Minst.)
De Witt, Emilian
Dwyer, Jno.
De Vernen, F.
Dickerson, H. A.
Dowlinger, Chr.
Davis, Jr., J. H.
Donavin, L. W.
Davidson, J. (of Solis Bros. Cir.)
Emidy, James
Edmund, S.
Edwards, C.
Emerson & Clark
Engel, John
Emerson, "Billy"
Fitz, John D.
Fraser, "Tony" (leader)
Fowler, W. M.
Francis, Prof. (juggler)
Fritz, E.
France, Sid. C.
Fawcett, Owen
Frost & Co., H.
Fox, J. E. (of Dup. & Ben. Min.)
French, E. (of Harley's Minst.) (2)
Fessier, Walter W.
Forepaugh, Adam
Foster, Hernandez
Fillman, C.
Fraser, Barney"
French, J. M. (circus "biz") 9c.
French, Ed. (banjoist) 2
Forepaugh, W. R.
Foxwell, C. L.
Gardiner, E. M.
Gerry, D. S.
Gardner, Chas. ("Hop-light Loo")
Gadcliffe, F. M.
Goodyear, C. M.
Gains, R.
Gerard, Frank
Grace, C.
Guilfoil, "Ben"
Goldrich, P. C.
Gurk, Paul.
Gee, J. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Guernella, Harry & Madam
Gardner, Jno Bunbury
Goffrie, C. (of Kellogg's Op. Co.)
Gerson, Edmund
Harrison, Eugene
Hogan, John
Hilly, J.
Height, "Bob"
Harrison's Two Orph." Co., Manag.
Howard, Rollin
Henry, "Billy"
Hall, F. A. (of Dillon & Hall)
Huebner, F. C.
Hughes, "Archie"
Holmes, "Jack"
Haleck, "Tom" (agent)
Hayden, Chas. E.
Hass, C. D.
Herne, J. F.
Heindle, Alex.
Hearson, H.
Hodges, D. B. (2)
Hine, W. (of Chanfrau's Co.)
Hodges, B. S.
Henderson, Chas.
Heywood, J. (of Barnum's Co.)
Humphrey, Mort.
Hogan, J. S. (dramatic "biz")
Hart, "Bob"
Hawley, Frank
Hyde, J. M.
Irwin, selden
Jackson, J. E.
Jordan, Geo. C.
Kincade, James
Keeshin, Chas. H.
Knight, Fred. W.
Kendall, H. A.
Kerry, Jno. M.
"Kickapoos," Manager of the Kynock & Smith Combination
Long, Theo. B. (2)
"Little Finger," Genl. Agent
Little, "Dick" (of Georgia Minst.)
Lonsdale, H. B.
Long, W. W.
Lyons, H. P. 10c.
Lee, E. F.
Libby, Hercules
Lang, "Billy"
Langdon, "Harry" (actor)
Lucas, S. (with Hyer Sisters (2)
Lenberger, Jno.
Livingston, Johnston
Leslie, F. H.
Lord, "Charlie"
Lorenzo, Irving
Le Grand, —
Leland, "Sam"
McCabe, J. C.
Mowry, "Nell" (2)
MacEvoy, Frank
Marden, W.
Martin, S. (song- and dance)
Murdock, Jas. E.
Morris, Myles (2)
Melville, Chas. (2)
Murray, J. H. (circus, pros.)
Mauder, Frank C.
Murphy & Shannon
Morgan, —(of Morgan & Welsh)
Mortimer, G. (with Jos. Murphy)
Mason, J. (of Mason & Dixon)
Morton, John H.
Macauley, R.
McDowell, E. A.
Masaroo, T.
Morgan, Jos. (musician)
Mocckel, L. (musician)
Middleton, Geo.
Miron, N. (contortionist, Germany)
Morosina, G.
Morris, W. (of Mc-Morris, Bill & Strong)
Martel, M. J. 6c.
Morgan, Mr. (late of Syracuse, N. Y.)
Murray, H. C.
Mason, "Ned"
McCarthy, Chas. F.
McClancy, Ed.
Martino, Prof. (magician)
Morrell, "Phil"
MacEvoy, W. S.
Mack, Jno.
Munroe, Fred.
Miller, Frank (Agt. of "Jubilee Sing.")
Mickel & Seamon
Nichols, Jos. (glass blower)
Nicholls, R. Hamilton
Norton, Jno. S.
Nash, "Dan" D.
Norton, "Wash"
Norman, Harry (banjoist
Nicholls, Prof. T. W.
Oliver, Jos. H.
O'Lynn, Bryan
Orrin Bros.
Pikes, Edwin (journalist)
Parks, J. J.
Pullman, Henry
Peyser, "Dave"
Perkins, Eli
Palmer, D. (of "Tom Thumb" Co.)
Pentz, P. S.
Phillips, Granville
Peck, H. (of "Tom Thumb" Co.)
Parsons, Harry
Price, John
Pfolte, Joseph
Pfolte, Chas. E.
Phillips, Horace R.
Quinton, Mr.
Radcliffe, F.
Robinson, Harry
Raymond, J. T.
Renfrew, J. N.
Ripley, John
Roberts, N. D.
Rice, "Billy"
Robinson & Bellingres 6c.
Rice, "Dan" (circus prop.)
Ramsey, S. V.
Russell, L. H.
Robinson, F. P.
Ryman, "Ad"
Robinson, "Dot"
Radcliffe, Jno. B.
Rainforth, Harry K. (2)
Reed, Wm. Stone
Reed, Mr.
Rowe, "Dick" (con Orph." Co., Manag.
Rainforth, "Sam"
Roach, D. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Raton, "Dan" E.
Rignold, G.
Riggs, T. G.
Ridge, "Billy"
Robinson, O. S.
Raymond, C. (Agt of "Lottie" Comp.)
Selis Brothers
Slavin, J. H.
Shields, G. O.
Snowe, W. F.
Smith, "Johnny"
Stiles, "Will" A.
Stanley, Ernest (2)
Sage, Mr. pianist, etc.
Sadler, Jacob
Skiff, "Dan"
Snyder, C. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Sawyer's Bell-ringers
Stanhope, Geo. W.
Sadler, W. H.
Smith, T. G.
Scargill, Harry
Sherwood, Chas.
Scott, A. R.
Saurez, E. Mc.
Stoner, Philip
Strakosche, Max.
Saberbier, Chas. 5c.
Searle, Cyril
Spears, C. (2)
Smith, J. W.
Lee Leavitt's B. R.)
Sanford, Mr. (of Courtney & Sanford's Min.)
Smith, J. R. (of Slavin's Co.)
Smart, H. C.
Scanlan, W. (of Scanlan & Cronin)
Snow, Chas. (of Snow Bros.)
Slowman, G. (Globe "biz")
Sheppard, B. (of "N. O. Minst.") 6c.
Snow, "Ben" (of Snow Bros.)
Studley, Jno.
Sully, "Dan"
Salisbury, "Hop"
Smith, E. P.
Treloar, Capt. A.
Terry, J. H.
Tierney & Cronin (2)
Tom Thumb" Troupe, Manager
Thomas, E. (clog artist)
Trudell, Albert
Taylor, Jas. R.
Thatcher, Geo.
Thoman, J. W.
Thompson, Wm. J.
Tayleure, L. W. (2)
Tucker, J. A.
Vere, Geo. W.
Vane, "Will" H.
Vernon, Mr. (of Morgan & Welsh)
Wilson, "Johnny" (minst. "biz")
West, W. H. (of Haverly's Minst.)
White & Gardner
Wesley & Casey
W. L. P.
Westendorff, Robt.
Wood & West
Williams, Jas.
Wilcox, O. B.
Wiggins, Frank
Wallace, Jno. (stage manager)
White, S. (of Sells Bros. Cir.)
Wilson, Geo. (manager)
Whitney, Frank
Williams, Claude
Worden & Mack
White, "Cool"
Webb, Albert (musician)
West, (musician) "biz"
Worden, R. (of Worden & Mack)
Wood, "Willie" (guitarist)
Wilsey, Chandler
Warren, "Tom"
Wilson, J. G. (of Leavitt's B. R.)
Wood, "Willie" (musician)
Young, Thos. (2)
Zimmerman, Jas.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, March 5, '77.

"The long agony is over." That's what everybody says, and, therefore, it must be true; for which we should be very thankful, because, it is thought, with the settlement of the Presidential unpleasantness there will be a revival in business, and prosperity will walk flat-footed over the land. Of course there are many persons who would have preferred to see Samuel at the head of affairs; others again would have liked it if P. Cooper had been returned; but some of us *must* be disappointed—we *all* cannot be President; and so, as Rutherford B. has turned up jack, and counted eight for game, he wins the chips and leads off in the new deal.....What will be the effect of the new regime on amusements? Well, it won't set them back any; on the contrary, the probabilities are that a slight improvement may be the result, and this improvement may strengthen when the Lenten season is over. Theatrical interests have during the past year, or during the time before, we foretold would be the case several months ago, a number of our city theatres have been in a tight place, and a few of them have been compelled to change their tactics to escape total loss; new plays that were expected to run throughout the season have failed to verify those prognostications, notwithstanding, we are assured by managerial circles, that extraordinary success continues to attend their representation. "Our Boarding-house," at the Park Theatre, is a success; and this success is the more remarkable because it is the work of an American; and, though the lack of lucre obliged the American to dispose of his right in the play so far as this city is concerned, it is to be hoped that he will profit by his performance in the provinces. Mr. Daly's "Lemons" has enabled that gentleman to keep his end up tolerably well; but, as it commenced to weaken within the past two or three weeks, "Lemons" will be thrown out with the close of the current week, and "Blue Glass" will succeed it at the Fifth-avenue Theatre. Let us hope that "Blue Glass" will not break itself or the management in the provinces. Mr. Daly is not a popular success. Why, at the recent benefit of Charles Thorne Jr., with the additional attraction of the Duke Alexis, we were surprised and grieved to see such a limited attendance. Fawcett Rowe's "Fifth Avenue" is more of a failure than otherwise, and even the variety element has failed to force it into lasting popularity. No, James; Jarrett & Palmer do not *live on "Fifth-avenue"*—the play is not successful enough for that.....Rumors are rife concerning a change of base of some of our managers. Jarrett & Palmer, it is told, have grown tired of the cares of such an expensive theatre as Booth's has proved to be, and will move out of that house about the 1st of May, without drawing out much in the way of profits. Other houses are in a sort of indefinable condition; they have tried almost everything without success, and now they are patiently waiting for something to turn up that may benefit them before the end of the season has been reached. And here we would call upon the spirit of poesy to fix, in verse, the status of

OUR "SUCCESSES."

You'll never find a stranger fact
About the stage than this is:
That many of the famous "hits"
Are often *made by "misses."*

.....Although Tony Pastor has a very strong and effective company on hand at all times, he intends to Ad. Ryman to his forces this week, the latter to find his own "Hash." This leads to another subject; and, if we were at all inclined to gossip or to meddle with other people's affairs—which, you will admit, we never do—we should interview the San Francisco Minstrels, and endeavor to ascertain what led to the unpleasantness which severed the heretofore agreeable relations existing between the minstrel-manager and their middle-man, and ended in the transmigration of the latter clever performer from Broadway and Twenty-ninth street to the popular resort farther down the former street, known as Tony Pastor's. But we are not at all inquisitive—if the minstrels have had a row in their office, and lyze the "Hash," as advertised to in our last, it is not our purpose to analyze the minstrels. We despise gossip, yet we cannot refrain from expressing our regret that any untoward circumstance should have occurred to count out the middle operator, who this evening will show his *pluck* by turning up at Tony's, while the minstrels will open their doors to the patrons of the Frisco's. We could, an' we would, say a good-deal on this subject, but we disgust all tittle-tattle and jobbiness.....A man who "defies the flames" is to show up at Gilmore's this evening. One of these flame-defiers recently exhibited somewhere in England; but he didn't defy the flames enough, and he caught fire, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the fire-department put him out. His manager, however, had *less* trouple in putting him out.....Naturally enough, our circus friends are all catching the *Spring* fever!.....And just here we want to tell you that John Brougham's famous feat of performing in New York and in Philadelphia on the same night [account of which may be found in CLIPPER ALMANAC, price ten cents.—ED.] has been outdone by Bidwell's company, who played in "*Saratoga*" and in *New Orleans* the same evening! Carry the news to Brougham.....Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?" That and Ben's Alice lies under the sod; but our own Alice, sweet Alice Oates, will be with us next week, and give us a season of opera-bouffe, with her clever troupe of dancers and singers and comedians. The initial performance will be given at the Lyceum Theatre on Monday evening next. Mrs. Angot's Child" has been adopted for the first night, to please the family-circle. *Postscript.*—This is not the "*Wild* Oats" which has been seen at Wallack's..... The Telephone is coming into play all over. Will it "Hold the Fort?" It failed to impart Sankey's great hymn to a Chicago audience last week, the operator being in Milwaukee, but it knocked spots on of the "Old Folks at Home," and sent the old folks at home in Chicago almost wild with wonder and delight. It not only sings, plays, and laughs, but the Telephone will *tell a fun*-ny story equal to the best of our local comedians, and there's millions in it. Maurice Strakosch, seeing how the Telephone's wind is blowing, has taken stock in the thing, and we reckon in Philadelphia people sing and play the music in that city while we calmly listen to it here.....Eighteen thousand dollars! That is the sum and substance of a benefit which took place in London last week, and of which an account may be found in another column. Now, if we could be assured of doing equally well here, there would be no limit to the number of us taking eighteen thousand dollars! Enough to start a hotel in New York and a beanery in Boston..... It's all very well to defend our managers from the charge of being gamblers, nevertheless an analytical friend of ours thus seeks to fasten upon them their

CRIMES OF CRIME.

Our managers may not pursue
A gambler's avocations;
And yet, like them, they're often found
Of *playing "Combinations."*

.....Tony Hart is to act Rebecca at the well-known Theatre Comique this week.....They are doing "The Beautiful 7" at the Columbia Opera-house, this city, but this must not be confounded with the play in which they have been doing the beautiful "7" in Washington.....A few of our theatres having announced that they have absolutely suspended the free-list, those who are affected by the cruel edict contemplate the holding of a mass meeting in Union-square, with calcium lights and fireworks as incidental auxiliaries. This is a good movement. By what right, or usurpation of right, do managers suspend a free constituency without a moment's warning? Upon what grounds do they claim that they should be trodden down in this manner? Cæsar had his Brutus, Sullivan his Hyer, and—Ha, ha! don't tremble, base managerial minion?..... And here we would take occasion to remark that the present vacation of a popular "star" differs from a company of corner-loungers, inasmuch as one's a "*loaf*" of *cotta's* and the other a *lot of loafers!* See that?.....Our circus friends are turning up again, as may be seen by a perusal of our advertising columns and circus summary..... The discussion about that Philadelphia baby-elephant has caused us a heap of anxiety, and we scarcely know what to do about it. Manager Forepaugh declares that the baby was regularly born under his supervision—in fact, it may be said that he borned it. Others, who have no baby-elephants, as positively assert that no elephant was ever born in captivity. What we want is facts. Firstly—Did anybody see the elephant born? Secondly—How old was it at the time of its alleged birth? While our circus friends are discussing the subject, we shall take a recess. P. S.—The baby-elephant has been copyrighted..... And talking about infants, you will remember that, some time ago, we recorded the fact that Bessie Sudlow was wedded, not only to her art, but to the manager of the Theatre Royal, Dublin. Now, then—

Suppose the fair Bessie's hymenial bliss
In the usual order should run,
And a beautiful boy the young couple enjoy,
Could you call it a *son of a Gunn?*

[*Explanation.*—Mr. and Mrs. Gunn are the names of the happy parents in embryo.—ED. CLIP.].....It may be known to our readers that a "side-show" is like a grate fire [No, James, not the great fire of Chicago], and yet such is the truth, because a *blower* makes it *draw better!*.....Somebody is getting up a sort of Wagner operatic festival at the Academy. We thought the Bayreuth people would not long be permitted to monopolize Wagner and the music of the future. Tickets for a season of six performances are to be offered for sale at two dollars each. Here comes in the opportunity for Strakosch and his telephone. Let Straky hire Tammany Hall smuggle a telephone into the Academy, connect it with another in Tammany Hall, and give a duplicate performance there. See? He can crowd the hall at both points, and double all of it will be profit! This will make Fryer wild should he hear of it.....But it will make Johnny Wild er if the crowd don't show up at his and Knight's benefit, next Friday night, at Booth's Theatre. Give the boys a chance.....If the "beautiful blonde" who, while sitting opposite us among the front-rowers in the balcony, in Niblo's last Friday evening, wunk at us from the sinister corner of her dexter-peeper, wishes to form our acquaintance, she will hear something to our advantage by addressing, in perfect confidence, "Integrity," New York uptown post-office, inclosing a three-cent stamp for reply. Otherwise we have nothing to do with this little arrangement, and need not seek to ascertain how it all ended.—ED. CLIP.].....Female "Women Fish" are in demand, and command high salaries. As we once before comically remarked, mere maids are not included in the article sought for.....A number of circus-actors left for California last week. Montgomery and Stone's the great show on the Pacific. Among those who departed are several Cooks, of whom no show need fear having too many.....Brother Beecher is doing better than any star on the road. Why, they're just "mashed" on him, to speak in a somewhat inelegant dialect, trying to get where he is. Even *large* boys cry for him, and children in Agrippan army to catch a glimpse of the preacher who didn't split on Plymouth Rock. No levity, James; go and sort that pi. "I'm list done, and mince was me stronghold."]

CITY SUMMARY.

H. S. SANDERSON, business-manager of the Olympic Theatre, is to receive a benefit on the afternoon and evening of Thursday, March 8, when a large number of variety performers, including delegations from Tony Pastor's Theatre, the Theatre Comique, Sinn's Park, Brooklyn, and other theatres, will appear in their various specialties. Mr. Sanderson is deserving of liberal patronage, and, as the attractions are very potent, we trust that his expectations will be fully realized.

THE ORRIN BROTHERS, Emerson and Clarke, Harry Kennedy, Adams and Lee, Banker and Mills, Vanetti, and Bushnell and Zoara open at the Theatre Comique March 5.

THOMAS A. KELLY'S ENGLISH-OPERA TROUPE are to commence a brief season at the Olympic Theatre March 5, singing "The Fairy and the Cobbler." The Troupe is composed of children varying from 11 to 15 years of age.

"AROUND THE WORLD" is announced to be withdrawn from the stage of Niblo's Garden at the end of the present week, and the Kiralfy Brothers will then probably retire from the management of that theatre.

PAT ROONEY, the Lawrence Sisters, Jeppe and Fannie Delano, Bertha and Ida Foy, Edwin French, Harry Bryant, the Sharpley Brothers, Gibson and Binney, and Add Ryman are the new arrivals at Tony Pastor's this week.

C. W. BARRY is to be the business-manager of the Lyceum Theatre.

"A TRIP TO THE MOON" is to be produced at Booth's Theatre March 12, the Kiralfy Brothers and Jarrett & Palmer having settled their recent differences with this result.

AT THE PARISIAN VARIETIES an attractive programme was presented last week, composed of sensational sketches and a good variety olio. This week Conway and Bridges, Ada and Charles Costello, Cecile Lecompte, Frank Bush, Burton Stanley, and others may be seen in their respective specialties.

"AZURINE" was played in German at the Stadt Theatre last week. The scenery, appointments, etc., belonging to the Kiralfy Brothers were used.

T. GRAU'S French troupe at the star this week at the Third-avenue Theatre, acting in "The Irish Detective" and "The Fastest Boy in New York."

MISS LULU PRIOR, who retired from the stage a year or two ago, upon the occasion of her marriage with E. F. De Nyse, is about to resume the practice of her profession, and is to appear at Niblo's Garden when "Antony and Cleopatra" shall be produced there.

NO CHANGE was made at Kelly & Leon's Minstrels until Saturday night, when for Leon's benefit the opera-bouffes of "Galatea" and "The Island of Bachelors" were produced, and Lew Benedict delivered a burlesque stump-speech.

JOHN BANVARD, proprietor of the New Broadway Theatre, denies that it has been rented to any person, notwithstanding reports to the contrary which have appeared in other journals. A card in another column announces that the theatre is still for rent.

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS close their season in this city March 10, with a benefit to Mr. Kelly.

EDMOND GERSON has resumed his old position with the Kiralfy Brothers.

JOSEPH SHERWOOD is to assume the management of Niblo's Garden early in April next, when "Antony and Cleopatra" is to be produced in spectacular style, with new scenery, mechanical effects, etc.

ROBERT STICKNEY, the well-known circus performer, is in town, making preparations for his coming campaign with "Old" John Robinson's Circus.

A FUREL DRAMATIC COMPANY is wanted by Manager, who advertises.

LOLA, Jennie Denzer, Wm. Henry Rice, John and Amy Tudor, Harry and John Kernell, and Jennie Morgan began engagements at Tony Pastor's Theatre Feb. 26. Lola performed a series of difficult feats upon the high trapeze with so much grace and daring that she elicited well-deserved applause. Jennie Denzer, who is somewhat petite in size, won favor by her singing and dashing style. Wm. Henry Rice, who is one of the best female impersonators with a corked face now before the public, caused much laughter by his witty dialogue. His singing was fully up to his customary standard, and his costume was of the richest materials, and attracted much attention from the fair sex in the audience. John and Amy Tudor sang medleys of popular songs, gave nimble clog-dances, and wound up with a clever broadsword combat while dancing. Harry and John Kernell in their funny conversations in the North-of-Ireland dialect created a deal of merriment, and their singing and dancing were also liked. Jennie Morgan reappeared after a brief absence, and renewed her quondam triumphs as a superior ballad-singer. Besides these, Lizzie Mulvey continued her pleasing songs-and-dances; Tony Pastor—attired in full evening costume, and carrying an opera-hat—sang motto and other songs in his usual attractive manner—his change of stage attire is becoming, and merits commendation; Sam Devere, assisted by Reginer and Arnault, gave a sparkling sketch quite successfully; Harris and Carroll were heard in their best plantation songs and hymns; the Big Four in their freshest specialty of "Buzzing Bees" were received with shouts of laughter; and the sketches of "The Stage-struck Barber," "The Rival Conductors," and "Macarthy the Shoemaker" filled out the bill, which attracted a large attendance.

SALE OF WARDROBE.—The theatrical costumes and stage properties of the late John Dyott were sold at auction Feb. 28 at 74 University place. The prices realized were small. A playbill of Ford's Theatre, Washington, D. C., which, it was claimed, the late President Lincoln held in his hand when he was shot by J. Wilkes Booth, was sold to Archibald Johnson for $4.19. The late Mr. Dyott acted Abel Murcott in "Our American Cousin" on that occasion, and it is said that he went into the private box after Mr. Lincoln had been removed and secured the playbill. There are several other persons who claim to have the identical bill which Mr. Lincoln used at that time.

EMMA BRENNAN, whose songs were well received; Jerome and Cameron, good acrobatic song-and-dance performers; Kitty O'Neil in a clog-dance interspersed with singing, and followed by her well-known jig-dancing; the Livingston Brothers and John Martz in a clever horizontal-bar act; Willis Cobb's trained dogs, monkeys and goats; and Little Gracie Wade, who acted quite intelligently, and Addie Morris in the closing sketch of "The New York Hackman," comprised the arrivals at the Theatre Comique Feb. 26. Harrigan and Hart acted in a new sketch entitled "Mulligan Guards," which proved very entertaining. Kelly and Ryan gave Irish character songs-and-dances; Frank Lewis sang motto songs; and the sketch of "All's Well that Ends Well" filled out the bill. Business good.

COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN informs us that he will remove his dramatic agency in April next to No. 854 Broadway, near Union square. He has been in the business long enough to know its ups and downs, and his abilities are patent to the profession.

JARRETT & PALMER have decided not to renew their lease of Booth's Theatre, which expires May 1 next. It is probable that they will devote their attention in the future to the management of traveling combinations.

AT NIBLO'S GARDEN, the Kiralfy Brothers presented a reconstructed version of "Around the World in Eighty Days" Feb. 26. Miss Jennie Hughes was seen as Nemea, and the ballet-corps received the powerful and attractive aid of Miles. Palladino and Mascarini and Signor Mascagno, late of Booth's Theatre. Mlle. De Rosa was the only premiere retained from the old force. The attendance continues large.

THE CLEVER CONJURING TRICKS and the artistic pianoforte-playing of Robert Heller, the yet unsolved mystery of Miss Heller's second-sight, and the marvelous optical illusion of "The Living Pictures" have proved powerful magnets, as was evinced by the liberal attendance at Heller's Wonder Theatre last week. The entertainment is divided for the matinees, and for their especial delectation a Punch-and-Judy show is given every Saturday.

"ROUND THE CLOCK" was withdrawn from the stage of the Olympic Theatre March 3. During the past week, in the scene representing the interior of Harry Hill's Variety Theatre, James Kelly and Johnny Reilly gave a lively exhibition of their pugilistic skill, and Harry Hill in person acted as the master of ceremonies. Reginer and Arnault continued their wrestling feats, and James McKee his character songs.

'LEMONS" is to be performed for the last times in the Fifth-avenue Theatre this week. Charles F. Coglan is to receive his first benefit in America Saturday evening, March 10, when he will act Hamlet. "Blue Glass" is the name of the piece which is to succeed "Lemons."

AT THE GRAND-OPERA-HOUSE "The Two Orphans" attracted a good attendance last week.

A HITCH has occurred in the production of "A Trip to the Moon" this week at Booth's Theatre "Fifth Avenue," which was to have been transferred to the Kiralfy Brothers' Theatre on the 22nd street, Philadelphia, March 5, will continue the attraction. It drew fairly during the past week.

A FALLING-OFF in the attendance was noticeable at the uptown theatres the latter part of last week.

"WRESTLING JOE" constituted the attraction at the Third-avenue Theatre at the evening performances the past week, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was given at the matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

ALICE OATES' OPERA TROUPE is to be the opening attraction of George Wood's season at the Lyceum Theatre, commencing March 12.

"OUR BOARDING-HOUSE" kept the Park Theatre well filled last week. Miss Maud Harrison is making rapid advancement in her profession, and is well backed by her careful and conscientious performance of Mrs. Manheim. Robson and Crane keep the audience in the best of humor.

FORGED THEATRE ORDERS.—Geo. McGregor, a youth, has of late been procuring seats at some of our theatres, as is alleged, by forging the names of well-known persons to letters asking for them. He has been discovered that he wrote a note to Mr. Daly of the Fifth-avenue Theatre, asking for six seats, and, as alleged, signed thereto the name of Stanley Dust, the business-manager of Heller's Wonder Theatre. The forgery was not then detected, the tickets were given, and McGregor and five of his companions occupied seats there. He subsequently obtained seats, it is said, by the same means in Heller's Theatre. On Thursday he presented himself at the Grand Opera-house with a note purporting to be signed by Pierre Havens, editor of *The Harlem Republic*, and McGregor and his friends were admitted. The alleged forgery was subsequently discovered, and McGregor was handed over to the police. On Friday he was arraigned for examination at the Washington-place Police Court, and Detective Dunn was present to witness the case appeared against him. Judge Flammer ruled that, so far as these seats were concerned, they were all complimentary, and the giving of them merely a courtesy between managers, and had no real value. McGregor was discharged.

SIGNOR MANUEL ANDREAS MIRANDA, acrobat and gymnast, died in Augusta Feb. 27, in the twenty-ninth year of his age. He was born in Araquippo, Peru, in 1848, and began his professional career at an early age. He had performed in all of the principal towns in South America and the West Indies. In this city his professional career had been confined to the minor variety theatres. He left a wife and a baby. Feb. 24, three days prior to his demise) totally unprovided for, and it is to be hoped some attention will be given them by the profession. His remains were buried in Greenwood Cemetery March 2, not a single professional following them to their last resting-place.

BOB LITTLE began an engagement with the San Francisco Minstrels Feb. 26, appearing as the interlocutor in the first part in the place of Add Ryman, who left the company a few days previously. Mr. Hart in the olio also delivered a burlesque stump-speech. The other changes included "The Tempest," sung by H. W. Frillman: "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep," by Dr. Wampole: "Margarita," by W. H. Hamilton; and for the finale to the first part "The Mulligan Guards." In the olio, Ricardo in female attire sang "Not Before Pa" and other songs. Business fair.

OATES' COMIC OPERA open at the Lyceum Theatre March 12, appearing in an English version of "La Fille de Mme. Angot." The company includes Mme. Alice Oates, Miss Belle Cole, Rosa Rand (late of Abbey's Park Theatre, in New York), Miss Rose Temple, Mrs. Julia Chapman, and Messrs. C. H. Drew, John Howson, Henri Laurent, J. H. Jones and A. W. Maffin. Jesse Williams is still musical director.

AT COLUMBIA OPERA-HOUSE, the attractiveness of the bills will be further increased this week by the addition of the specialties of the Devere Bros.—Billy and Tommy—Chas. Averill, Jas. Reid, Frank Irwin and the Misses Frankie Howard, May Golding, Eva Walter, Mary Howes, Mamie Fabeon, Lillie Cannon, and Fannie Gates.

A NEW SPECTACULAR EXTRAVAGANZA, "The Tempter," is to be put on at Egyptian Hall this week, the programme also including the new faces of Miss Ida Gardner, Eva St. Clair, Carrie Gardiner, Lizzie Pierce, Lydia Clark, Nellie Clark, Carrie Seymour, Nettie Forrest, Fanny Price, Mons. Neville, Sig. Gerard, Frank Carter, and Sig. Martinez.

MANAGERS W. HENDERSON of Providence, R. I., and John E. MacDonough of Philadelphia, Pa., were in town the past week.

E. A. SOTHERN, J. C. McCollum and Mrs. D. P. Bowers arrived in the city last week.

MUSICAL NOTES.—"La Boulangere a des Ecus" ("The Rich Bakeress"), an opera bouffe by Offenbach, and one more by an audacious, was presented for the first time here by the Aimee troupe last week, Mlle. Aimee sustaining the role of Margot; Mlle. Duparc, Toinon; and M. Raoult, Bernadille.... A testimonial concert was given to Miss Hattie L. Millet at Chickering Hall on Thursday evening, attracting a large audience. She received the assistance of a number of artists, including Miss Louise Pinch, and Messrs. George Ellard, J. R. Nil

TONY PASTOR, one of the most successful variety managers in this country, has completed his preparations for his forthcoming annual tour, and the company which he has gathered, we think, will be found to be the most attractive he has yet presented to the public. In forming it he has exercised unusual care. Each performer has appeared at Tony Pastor's Theatre, in this city, during the present season, making a pronounced hit, and receiving commendation from both press and public; and, to test the strength of their attractions, each one was re-engaged, and then fully confirmed the good opinion previously expressed concerning him or her. A full list of the company may be found in our advertising columns. Mr. Pastor is well known throughout the length and breadth of our country, and for twelve consecutive years, during the Summer season, has successfully catered to the amusement of our people; and we think that they will unite with us, after seeing this company, in saying that it may be considered the crowning success of his managerial career.

W. H ERSHINE, man-fish, can be addressed care of this office.

SPECIALTY ARTISTS desiring engagements at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., are requested to make application to John Stetson, manager.

THE CAPITAL THEATRE, late Brant's Hall, Harrisburg, Pa., was opened Feb. 28. The proprietors are Messrs. Gayton & Butler. Harry Butler is business and stage-manager; J. Nolte, leader of orchestra; and Edwin Prestond, pianist. The performers were Nettie Sanford, Mollie Fielding, Minnie Lestlie, Harry Butler, Frank Gayton and Davidson. James and Lizzie Dillon and Sullivan and Curdy are announced to open March 5. Lady specialties are wanted. See card.

ARCHIE WHITE, end-man and comedian, is now performing at the Coliseum, Erie, Pa., where he can be addressed.

THE BARTINE & PERRY BROS. COMBINATION played in Greenville, O., Feb. 27, 28, New Madison, March 1, 2, Richmond 3, and is billed in Eaton 5, Oxford 6, Middleton 7, Miamisburg 8, Germantown 9, Franklin 10, Falmouth, Ky., 12, Cynthiana, Ky., 13, Paris 14, and Lexington 15. R. M. Arey joined the company Feb. 24, as general agent.

NELLIE GIBBONS, wife of Ned Gibbons, who died in Cleveland, W. T., Jan. 31, gave birth to a daughter weighing 11 pounds, Feb. 2. Her husband was buried the day previous.

HASSAN SISTERS begin an engagement at Miner's London Theatre, this city, March 5.

MASTER MARTIN, while performing in the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., last week, was presented by his wife Feb. 26 with a daughter.

A VARIETY HALL is offered for sale. See card elsewhere.

PROF. EDWARD ASHLEY, magician and ventriloquist, is now performing at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, Pa.

JOHNNIE PRINDLE will be at liberty after May 15 to appear in his black or white comicalities. See card.

PROF. DARE, rope-walker, fire-eater and gymnast, advertises for an engagement.

Lurline is meeting with success in her aquatic specialties at the Folie Bergere, Paris, France.

WASH NORTON desires us to correct an error in an advertisement which stated that he was to appear on the *boards* with Billy Emerson. It should have read on the *road*. He will appear on the end with Emerson.

GEO. W. VERE teaches songs-and-dances and the Lancashire clog for the stage at the advertised price.

CROSSMAN AND WILSON, in their musical moke and other specialties, can be secured by applying as per card.

JEPPE AND FANNY DELANO have been meeting with success in their peculiar style of society and flirtation sketches, and notices from the press, published in another column, vouch for the favorable impression they have created. While playing at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., recently, they were the recipients of two elegant baskets of flowers, presented by their friends and admirers. They open at Tony Pastor's Theatre, this city, March 5.

THE PROGRAMME at the Boylston Museum, Boston, Mass., last week began with a musical entertainment, introducing Mlle. Zitella's Female Minstrels, with George Kurtz and Wally Gibbs as Bones, W. L. Stanton as Interlocutor, and Charley Yale and Al Decker as Tambos. In the second-part Mlle. Zitella appeared in songs, the Russell Brothers in their specialties, Nellie Brooks in local songs, Dutch Morris in his well-known sketch of "Dutch Justice," the McDermott Sisters in songs, and Baby Bindley. The third-part was devoted to Yale's pantomime of "John Jumping Jack," in which Mlle. Vivo Farrand and Mlle. Constantine also appeared. March 4, the regular Sunday-evening entertainment consisted of Col. A. W. Scott's (an ex-policeman) lecture, entitled "One Hour and a Half with a Policeman." The fresh attractions for this week are Scanlon and Cronin, Keating and Sands, Young Waoni, Georgie May, La Petite Florence, Rachel Candee and the burlesque of "Pocahontas," with Fanny Herring in the leading role.....Manchester and Jennings and Gus Williams were the variety attractions at the Howard the past week. On Friday evening the latter was the recipient of a complimentary benefit, and a very large audience was in attendance. A handsome ring was presented to him from the stage, a gift from Manager John Stetson, the spokesman being Charles H. Pattee of Boston, who made a neat speech, to which Mr. Williams responded in fitting terms. There were a number of floral offerings, among them gifts from the Americus Club, and from Robert Stickney. The occasion was a very pleasant one.

AT TOOKER'S VARIETIES, Norfolk, Va., Lew Edwards and Virginia Marshall commenced Feb. 26. Daisy Remington closed 28, and Harry Woodson, of Philadelphia, March 2. Billed for 5: Walter Wentworth.

HARRY S. JEFFERSON, stage-manager of Tooker's Varieties, Norfolk, Va., and Miss Alice La Farge of Baltimore, Md., were married Feb. 26.

Brooks and Clifton are meeting with success at the Adelphi, Columbus, O., continues good. The new arrivals Feb. 26 were Mons. and Mme. D'Omer, Eugene Blitz, Miss Mollie De Mar, and Morris and Fields. Billed for 5: Kitty O'Neil, Lou Howard, Minnie Gray, Zoie West, J. K. Delave and J. C. O'Neil. Departures March 5: Mons. and Mme. D'Omer, Eugene Blitz and Mollie De Mar, to Chicago; Morris and Fields, Cincinnati; J. L. F. Manning, Chicago; Frank Leroy, St. Louis.

FRANK TURNER, Huber and Glidden, Miss Josie Zanfretta, the Turner Brothers and Charles Foster were the new arrivals at the Metropolitan Theatre, Louisville, Ky., Feb. 26. Business fair. Frank Turner gave a good clog-dance. Huber and Glidden as oyster-can makes gave satisfactiox. Miss Zanfretta's fancy dancing was not appreciated. The Turner Brothers—Tommy, Frank and Charles—made a hit. Charles Foster appeared as the Major in his drama "Saved at Seven," which took much better than any other drama produced here this season. Al. Lipman, business-manager and leading man of the Metropolitan, is at present dangerously ill with typhoid pneumonia, and Miss Nelly Howard is also laid up with a sprained ankle. Departures 3: Turner Brothers, destination undecided; Nully Pieris, to Chicago; Charles Foster, to Brooklyn. Billed for 5: Alice McGowan, John Weaver and Vic Reynolds. Advices of March 3.

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AT THE GRAND CENTRAL VARIETY THEATRE, Philadelphia, the attendance was excellent during the past week, and it would be strange if it were otherwise, as the variety company presented a strong bill in every department. Miss Edna Markley, Chasers and Kennedy, and Delehanty and Hengler were the new faces. Miss Markley was deservedly applauded in her vocal selections, in which she evinced the possession of a well-cultivated voice. Chesters and Kennedy in their Dutch, Irish and negro songs-and-dances, and Delehanty and Hengler in their sketch "Serenader's Stratagem," were also attractive features. George W. Smith's new ballet "The Female Brigands" agreeably introduced Miles. Lupo, Elise, Christine Robinson and Hilton Sisters. The performance concluded with the drama "The Gipsy Queen," in which Miss Helen Marr made her first appearance here, sustaining the title-role. Scanlon and Cronin, Delehanty and Hengler, Miss Jennie Engle and Miss Helen Marr closed on the 3d inst. Mlle. De Rosa, Sam Denvers, Harris and Carroll, Miss Lizzie Mulvey, Miss Lizzie Conway and Billy Carter are announced to appear 5. A matinee benefit for the Fox Theatre sufferers will be given March 8.

AT THE INTERNATIONAL MUSIC HALL, Philadelphia, an attractive entertainment is given under the management of Harry Lennox, assisted by a female minstrel company, introducing Mlle. Zitella's Female Minstrels, with George Kurtz and Wally Gibbs as Bones, W. L. Stanton as Interlocutor, and Charley Yale and Al Decker as Tambos. In the second-part Mlle. Zitella appeared in songs, the Russell Brothers in their specialties, Nellie Brooks in local songs, Dutch Morris in his well-known sketch of "Dutch Justice," the McDermott Sisters in songs, and Baby Bindley. The third-part was devoted to Yale's pantomime of "John Jumping Jack," in which Mlle. Vivo Farrand and Mlle. Constantine also appeared. March 4, the regular Sunday-evening entertainment consisted of Col. A. W. Scott's (an ex-policeman) lecture, entitled "One Hour and a Half with a Policeman." The fresh attractions for this week are Scanlon and Cronin, Keating and Sands, Young Waoni, Georgie May, La Petite Florence, Rachel Candee and the burlesque of "Pocahontas," with Fanny Herring in the leading role.....Manchester and Jennings and Gus Williams were the variety attractions at the Howard the past week. On Friday evening the latter was the recipient of a complimentary benefit, and a very large audience was in attendance. A handsome ring was presented to him from the stage, a gift from Manager John Stetson, the spokesman being Charles H. Pattee of Boston, who made a neat speech, to which Mr. Williams responded in fitting terms. There were a number of floral offerings, among them gifts from the Americus Club, and from Robert Stickney. The occasion was a very pleasant one.

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SPECIALTY ARTISTS can secure engagements at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the weeks commencing March 12, 19, and April 2. Address Wm. E. Sinn, as per card.

AT THE COLISEUM, Erie, Pa., J. D. Kelly and Edgell and Eldridge opened Feb. 26. Closed 36: Edgell and Eldridge, Minnie Gray, and Lon Howard. To open 5: Russell Sisters, Harry Blanchard, and Stella L. Grille.

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THE ADELPHI.—The new stars, Jeppe and Fannie Delano, with their admirable sketches and changes, made themselves enduring favorites with the audience.—BUFFALO COURIER, Jan. 23, 1877.

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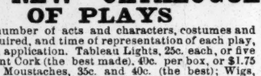

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